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BEYOND RECALL.

BY L. J. E.

Never a hand on the cottage door
To call me forth in the evening light;
My days grew old, and I watch no more
The cowslips gold or the maybuds white.
Primroses nestle beneath the hedge
Where we kissed and wept and said "good-bye."
For twenty years I have watched them bud,
For twenty years I have seen them die!

In the summer-time, when days grew long,
I'd take my knitting, and dream, and wait;
But all I heard was a blackbird's song,
A stranger's hand on the wicket-gate.
When the corn was reaped and the pastures bare,
When the nights grew dark and the days grew chill,
I never fastened the latch of the door,
I waited and watched for his coming still.

But now, when the spring once more has turned
The sea to silver, the earth to gold,
I turn aside from the primrose lane
That saw our tryst in the days of old.
The children weave me their daisy chains,
The woodland songs are as sweet and clear,
Though the steps have wandered past recall
I waited and watched so long to hear.

A FATAL DOWER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS WEDDED WIFE," "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "WE KISSED AGAIN," "ROBIN," "BUNCHIE," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—[CONTINUED.]

I DON'T think I care for it," Sidney answered, forcing a little tuneless laugh. "I won't wait, Dolly. Is that my hat, dear?"

"You are in an awful hurry now," Dolly pouted; "and there is plenty of time to drink your tea, if you care to have it. They are all in the hall waiting to say good-bye."

But Sidney did not heed; she was putting on her hat with unsteady hands, preparing for the wedding-journey, and surreptitiously rubbing her cheeks to bring some color into them.

She had not minded her pallor before; now it increased her fear of arousing suspicion.

In her terror she felt as if every one must know the secret weighing so terribly upon her, and dared not meet Dolly's eyes, lest she should see suspicion and distrust in them.

"Have I all my belongings?" she said, with the same attempt at cheerfulness. "Yes, I think I have; besides, if I forget anything, I can easily get it in London—Stephen has made me rich, you know! Shall we go down now, Dolly? I am ready; and you say that Stephen is impatient."

"All bridegrooms are impatient, I should think," remarked Dolly, laughing, and putting her arm round Sidney as they left the room together. "Oh, Sidney, how glad I am that you are indeed my sister! We thought once that Stephen would have married Sibyl Neil! Thank Heaven he did not! I wonder where she is now?" went on little Dolly thoughtlessly.

"Don't, Dolly, don't!" Sidney said, with a little sob of pain; and Dolly apologized lovingly and penitently; and the girls went down stairs together to the old stone-paved hall, where the wedding-guests waited to bid the newly-married pair God-speed.

In the same strange mechanical manner Sidney went through the farewells while Stephen waited impatiently, anxious to get her all to himself, and fearing every minute that she would faint, her movements were so slow and unsteady.

Surely no paler bride had ever started on her lifelong journey than Sidney, when her husband lifted her at last into the carriage!

But Lloyd Milner was perhaps the only one present who noticed the swift look of terror with which she glanced around, as if she feared that something terrible was going to happen to prevent her going.

It reminded the young barrister of the look he had seen sometimes in the eyes of criminals standing in the dock awaiting their doom.

A strange look, he thought, to see in the eyes of a woman on her wedding-day!

* * * * * *

"What is love that all the world
Talks so much about it?
What is love that neither you
Nor I can do without it?
Love's a tyrant and a slave,
A torment and a treasure;
Having it, we know no peace,
Lacking it no pleasure."

Dolly Daunt's sweet soprano voice rang gaily through the room, singing the quaint words set to the music of a quaint old melody.

Sidney, from her low seat by the fire, glanced over at the singer with a sudden wistful look flashing for a moment into her dark eyes.

The time was that most charming hour of the day between the "gloaming and the mark," devoted to afternoon tea and cozy firelit chats, when it is too dark to read or work and too light still to induce one to ring for candles, when it is "blind man's holiday," and there is every excuse for idling and enjoying to the full that sweetness of doing nothing which is so seldom allowed in this busy workaday world of ours.

And no more delightful place for enjoying the *dolce far niente* could have been found on that chill gray autumnal evening than Sidney Daunt's drawing-room, with the firelight dancing up merrily and playing over the costly artistic furniture, the dainty carvings, and the quaint old china with which it was adorned.

It was a charming room, beautiful and yet homelike, thoroughly artistic, and yet with an every-day appearance about it, which is a necessary addition if a room is to be really comfortable and cozy.

It was a large room, rather low-ceiled, with walls painted in a very delicate shade of gray and with silver mouldings, while the furniture was a charming mixture of ancient and modern art and foreign treasures, curious and costly Eastern rugs, inlaid ebony tables, carved Indian cabinets and chairs, low luxurious fauteuils, a writing-table which was simply perfect in its happy union of the useful and the beautiful, china everywhere; and flowers in delicious profusion.

There was but one opinion about Sidney Daunt's new home in Ashford, that Easthorpe was the perfection of a residence, and that the architect Mr. Daunt had employed to build the house which had been his wedding-present to his son had done his work admirably.

Mrs. Daunt ought to be a happy woman, people said; but the face of the girl lying back in the easy-chair in the firelight was not the face of a happy woman, not the face which should have been that of a four months' wife, a prosperous and petted young matron.

Yet even the expression of unrest and yearning which was almost habitual to her now could not mar Sidney's loveliness, and never had she been more beautiful.

The three months sojourn abroad had greatly improved her health and her appearance.

The old delicate bloom had come back to her cheek, the soft-rounded lines had returned, and there was a graceful dignity in her manner now which had an added charm.

A wife of whom any man would have been justly proud she looked, as she lay back upon her cushions, so languidly graceful in her dainty tea-gown with its profusion of soft laces and ribbons, a beautiful woman who had known suffering, but whose beauty had been only increased thereby, a woman whom men would love and worship for her infinite charm, greater by far even than her beauty.

There was a book open upon her knee, but she was not reading, although a reading-lamp was burning softly on a little table at her elbow.

She was looking with great sombre dark eyes straight into the fire, while its red glow was caught and reflected back by the gems upon her little white fingers, the diamonds and sapphires which almost completely concealed the plain gold band of her wedding-ring, the badge of fealty to Stephen Daunt.

"Would we shun it, if we could?
Sooth, I almost doubt it;
Faith, I'd rather bear its pain
Than live my life without it!"

sang Dolly gaily in her pretty girl's voice from the shadowy corner where the piano stood.

A little frown contracted Sidney's white brow as she listened, but she made no comment until Dolly turned round on the music-stool and began rubbing her little fingers together as if they were cold.

"What stupid words to such a charming old air!" Sidney said negligently; and Dolly left the piano and came into the red glow of the firelight with a little wondering look in her blue eyes.

"Stupid! Do you think so?" she said. "I think they are pretty, witty words. Mr. Milner set them to music, you know."

"Oh," Sidney returned slowly, glancing up with a smile, "then I must compliment him! The music is charming; and that young man has evidently mistaken his vocation in going to the Bar."

"He seems to have so many vocations," Dolly said, smiling. "He can do everything, I think."

"Yes," Sidney allowed demurely, "he is a very accomplished individual. Did you know that Stephen has asked him to spend a few days with us?" she added, smiling a little as she saw how the color deepened in the fair young face.

"Yes; Stephen told me. Shall I pour out the tea, Sidney? You look too lazy and comfortable for anything."

"For anything but drinking it," Sidney answered, with a little laugh. "Do officiate Dolly; I shall be much obliged."

"Shall we wait for Stephen?" Dolly asked, as she turned to the little Indian table on which the pretty Crown Derby cups and saucers were waiting.

"No," Sidney answered calmly. "If we do, we shall get no tea at all; he is always late, you know."

"He used to be in time for afternoon tea," Dolly remarked, her little fingers moving deftly among the china and silver.

"Ah, but Lambswold is nearer Ashford than Easthorpe!"

"Why, Sidney, what nonsense you are talking!" the young girl answered, with a laugh. "Easthorpe is nearly a mile nearer Ashford."

"Is it?" Sidney questioned negligently. "At any rate, it takes your brother longer to drive to Easthorpe than to Lambswold."

Her voice and manner were perfectly indifferent.

She might have been speaking of one of the grooms, so entirely careless was her tone.

Dolly's pretty face, bent over the silver and Crown Derby china, shadowed over with a look of pain, and her blue eyes had a very wistful expression in their depths as she brought Sidney's tea to her side.

"Mr Milner's visit will be a very pleasant break in the monotony of our lives," Sidney said, looking up with a little smile, as she held out her hand. "This constant succession of calls and callers is as bad as the treadmill, I imagine.

"Surely every one has called by this time, Dolly; and I have returned all visits—have I not?"

"I think so," Dolly answered doubtfully. "It is a necessary evil, Sidney."

"Yes; and I could understand it if your brother had married a stranger. Natural curiosity to see the bride would have moved me in that case; but, if he had married any girl as well known in Ashford as I was, I certainly should not have been so eager."

"You speak very coolly about his marrying some one else."

"Why not? I can even contemplate it coolly."

"Because it is impossible that he should," said Dolly laughing.

"Is that why? Well perhaps so."

There was a short silence.

Sidney sipped her tea languidly, and Dolly looked over at her with wistful admiring eyes.

She was so changed, so much more beautiful and so much more proud than the girl whom Stephen had married four months before.

Then she had been so gentle and tender and true, now she seemed so cold and negligent and careless, thinking only of amusement and dress.

Could it be true; what some one had hinted in Dolly's hearing, that she had married Stephen for money and position and for deliverance from that home which a step-mother's presence had made unbearable to her?

"We must try to get up some gaiety here this winter," Sidney remarked presently. "Amateur theatricals would be fine, would they not?

"And the great charm of them is that they give so much employment beforehand. I don't really know how we shall get through our time unless we do something of the kind.

"It is not life here, you know, Dolly—it is merely existence."

"You used not to complain of Ashford being dull."

"Ah, but then I had so many duties! Besides, I knew no other life. Since I have been abroad, this seems almost unbearable."

"Then it was a pity you went abroad," said Dolly, rather drily.

Sidney laughed.

"Was it? My dear child, since I have become a rich woman I have felt that I like to get my money's worth and that it is difficult to do so here. Why, positively, except Lady Eva, there is not a soul who can appreciate a dress of Worth's! It makes me feel inclined to run away and see if I cannot find a more appreciative circle."

"As if any circle could appreciate you better than we do!" Dolly said reproachfully.

"Not me, dear," Sidney answered, with a bright little laugh, "but my toilettes."

"Which are by far the most important part of you, are they not?" said a mocking voice behind them; and Dolly sprang up with a little exclamation of delight to receive her brother.

Sidney glanced up carelessly without a word.

The little jewelled hand lying on her lap closed suddenly upon the cascades of lace trimming her dress, crushing them.

If the change which four months of wedded life had made in Stephen Daunt's wife was great, the alteration in himself was still greater.

He looked much older, sterner, and graver, and there was a touch of cynicism about his manner which was a painful substitute for the old easy frankness and grace;

but his manner was gentle enough as he touched his sister's brow with his lips and thanked her for the cup of tea she hastened to pour out to him.

He had come straight to the drawing-room on his return home, and still wore his overcoat and driving-gloves.

"Won't you sit down, Stephen? Oh, do; we are cozy here! Sidney issue your commands, since mine are unavailing," Dolly said, trying to speak gaily, yet failing miserably in her attempt to ignore the coolness which so evidently existed between husband and wife.

"Mine would be even more so," was the careless answer.

"Oh, equally so!" Stephen said, laughing a forced, rather tuneless laugh, and glancing down at the beautiful proud woman in her soft cashmere and lace. "By-the-bye, I have had a telegram from Milner; he will be here this evening in time for dinner, so perhaps he will appreciate one of Worth's gowns, Sidney."

"Perhaps," she answered carelessly; and then Stephen put down his cup and went away, disregarding his sister's pleading eyes and leaving them alone again.

"Sidney"—Dolly's eyes were very wistful and tender now, as she crept softly to Sidney's side and knelt down there—"Sidney!"

"What is it, Dolly?"

The voice was kind and gentle enough but very cold.

"Sidney, do not be angry; but I cannot help asking you. What has come between you and Stephen?"

The sweet rose-pink faded out of the beautiful face bent over Dolly, but Sidney forced a laugh.

"Between us? Nothing dear. We are a model couple. I intend to apply for the Dunmow Flitch," she said lightly. "We never quarrel."

"Of course you do not," Dolly said quickly. "But you are so cold, so reserved, so distant."

"My dear child, would you have us still making love? Your brother and I get on capitally.

"He goes his way, and I go mine, and whenever we meet en route we are perfectly civil to each other. What more would you have?"

"Don't, Sidney; you talk like one of Ouida's heroines," Dolly said, in a tone of keen pain, rising suddenly and going back to her chair, with large tears standing in her eyes, which a very few more words would have made fall.

There was a little silence, which Sidney broke by going over to Dolly's side and saying softly, as she bent over her, putting both little hands on her shoulders—

"Dolly dear, what is it? Dolly"—her voice changed and trembled—"are you crying?

"Dear, there is no need. We—we are very, very happy."

"Happy! You may be happy," said Dolly passionately, "because you find happiness in dress and amusement; but he—is he happy, do you think? Can you look into his face and think for a moment that he is happy?"

At the sudden passion and reproach in the girl's voice Sidney removed her hands and drew back, very pale and still in her hurt pride and amazement.

"Sidney, why are you so cold and proud to him?" Dolly went on piteously. "One would think that it was true that you had married him only for money, and——"

She broke off suddenly, shrinking from the look of intense indignation in Sidney's blazing eyes.

"You will find that it is a dangerous thing to interfere between husband and wife," Sidney said hoarsely. "Have a care, Dolly! Do not make matters worse than they are already. It is sometimes difficult to live happily when love exists," she added her voice faltering suddenly; "but, when there is no love——"

Her voice failed her and she stood silent pressing her hands convulsively against her heart, which seemed about to break in the sudden passion of pain which Dolly had aroused.

She was white as death, and trembling so violently that, but for the support of a chair near her, she must have fallen.

It was the first time she had given way since her wedding-day, the first time she had let herself face the bitter truth of her domestic misery.

No wonder that the thought of the life which lay before her, unblessed as it was by her husband's love, overcame her, no wonder that in that bitter moment she felt that death itself would be preferable to the certainty that she was shutting out Stephen from happier things, that her life lay like a heavy cloud upon his own.

Startled and alarmed by the effect of her words, Dolly stood by helplessly, looking with frightened eyes at the trembling swaying form, the ashen hue of the beautiful death-like face.

She could guess at something of the truth now—of the suffering hidden by that smiling haughty indifference—and it frightened her.

What was the reason of it all? What did it mean?

"But where no love is," Sidney found strength to utter, in a few moments, "there can only be misery."

"But, Sidney, no wife could be more dearly loved than you are," Dolly said gently.

Sidney turned her eyes slowly upon the young girl's penitent face and smiled; but the smile was sadder than tears could have been, it was so hopeless and bitter.

"Do you think so?" she said. "Then Heaven help all the wives who are loved as I am loved, Dolly!" she added; then, changing her tone. "If you are going to write to Bell for me, you have not much time to catch the post."

"No. I will write now," Dolly answered bravely; but before she left the room, she went to Sidney's side and put her arms round her, and kissed her gently and apologetically; and Sidney forced another smile, hardly less bitter and hopeless than the other.

For some minutes after Dolly had left her Sidney stood still and motionless in the centre of the beautiful artistic room, her soft clinging draperies falling around her, her hands pressed to her side, the hopeless despairing look deepening in her beautiful eyes.

"No wife more loved than I am loved!" she said half aloud.

Then, throwing up her hands with a gesture of despair—"If she knew, if she only knew all!"

She felt choked and stifled in the warm flower-scented room; her breath came quick and fast, and she began to fear that she would faint.

The anguish she so bravely and skilfully concealed had broken the bounds she had put upon it, and threatened to overwhelm her.

She must not let any one find her in this intense agitation, she thought wearily, and she moved slowly and feebly across the room towards a window, pushing aside the silken curtains and opening it with trembling feeble little hands, admitting a blast of cold wind and rain.

The twilight had faded now, and it was night outside, dark and wet and cheerless.

But Sidney did not heed the driving wind and falling rain.

The cold seemed to revive her as she stood leaning against the frame of the French window, her great unseeing eyes staring straight into the darkness without, unconscious that another pair of eyes were watching her every movement with eager scrutiny.

When she turned to re-enter the room, a hand laid gently yet firmly upon her arm arrested her movement, and a voice said, in tones of hurried, muffled entreaty—

"Sidney! Hush, for mercy's sake! Don't you know me?"

For a moment it seemed to Sidney Daunt that the hand laid upon her arm had icy fingers which reached her heart, and that the darkness closed in and covered her in the deadly faintness which seized her—but for a moment only; the next minute she had recovered herself, the husky muffled whisper sounded distinctly again in her ears, and she put out both her hands, uttering the one word—

"Frank!"

At the same moment there came the sound of wheels on the drive in front of the house, and the dressing-bell rang, its loud clear summons pealing through the quiet house.

CHAPTER VIII.

STEPHEN DAUNT, passing out of the library, at sound of the dressing-bell, into the pretty oak-panelled hall, saw the hall door open and Lloyd Milner just alighting from the carriage which had been sent to meet him at the station; and the next minute the two men had clasped hands in a close friendly pressure, and the young barrister was looking with keen regret at the sadness of the grave handsome face of his friend, which even Stephen's pleasure at seeing him could not quite disperse.

"Delighted to see you, old fellow," Stephen said heartily. "We ought to feel grateful to you, I am sure, for leaving London and its pleasures even for a short time."

"London and its what?" Lloyd Milner returned, laughing.

"If you call fogs and east winds and draughty courts and dingy chambers pleasures, you may well sympathize with me for leaving them; but such pleasures as those begin to pall sometimes."

"Do they? All pleasures get monotonous at times," answered Stephen rather wearily. "You look well, old fellow, in spite of fogs and east winds and the other delights of a barrister's life in Pump Court."

"That is more than I can say for you," the young barrister said, with a touch of gravity underlying the lightness of his voice and manner. "You look anything but 'fit,' Stephen."

"I am all right," Daunt answered carelessly.

"I have been pretty hard worked since our return from abroad—making up for arrears, you know."

"You must have had a very delightful tour."

"Oh, very!" Stephen said drily. "Will you come and see Sidney before you go to your rooms? I think she is still in the drawing-room."

He crossed the hall as he spoke, and, opening the drawing-room door, looked into the room.

It was apparently empty, and he turned away.

"I am afraid she is up to dress," he said.

"That is an important operation, you know, and requires as much time as possible. Dolly is sacrificing at the same shrine also, I suppose."

"What a charming place you seem to have here, Daunt!" remarked Mr. Milner, as they prepared to go up-stairs.

"Yes; it is a nice house. My father took great interest in building it."

"You're a lucky fellow," Lloyd Milner said. "If you were any one but Stephen Daunt, I should be inclined to envy you."

"To envy me what?" asked Stephen, with a touch of cynicism.

"For possessing everything likely to conduce to happiness," was the smiling reply. "A beautiful and most charming wife, a house perfect in every detail, and——"

"A cook who does not like dinner to be kept waiting!" said Stephen laughingly. "So, if you do not want to get into disgrace you had better hurry."

Milner laughed.

They crossed the hall together at the same time as the drawing-room door opened and Sidney came out from under the heavy curtain.

Both young men turned at the sound of the opening of the door, and Stephen uttered his wife's name in a tone of some surprise.

"I thought you had gone to your rooms, Sidney," he said. "Lloyd has come, you see."

"Yes," she said, coming forward with a slow faltering step. "I am glad to see you, Mr. Milner."

As she put out her hand in greeting, they saw that her pretty hair was wet, and that moisture lay heavily on the white cashmere of her delicate tea-gown, and that the soft lace ruffles and cascades were dripping wet.

"Why, Sidney, you are wet through!" her husband exclaimed, drawing near her in his anxiety. "Where have you been?"

She looked at him with a strange bewilderment in her beautiful eyes.

"I am not wet," she said, shaking her head.

"Not wet!" he repeated. "My dear child you must be dreaming! Look here! What have you been doing?"

As he spoke, he touched the heavy damp folds of her gown and the soft waving hair.

Lloyd Milner, looking at her in some surprise and anxiety, saw her face change and a look of startled consciousness replace the bewildered vacant expression.

Then she burst out laughing, suddenly and almost violently.

"How very stupid of me!" she said. "My head ached, and I went out for a few moments, and I did not notice that it was raining.

"I am afraid you have brought us bad weather, Mr. Milner. Have you had a very tedious journey?"

"Not at all," he answered smiling. "Mrs. Daunt had better get rid of those wet garments at once," he added anxiously, seeing Sidney's languid inert manner and feverish bright eyes.

"Yes, indeed," Stephen said hastily. "How could you be so imprudent, Sidney?"

"I did not think of the imprudence she answered, looking up at him with eager shining eyes. "I am not likely to take cold."

"I don't quite see how you can be exempt from doing so," her husband said gravely. "Lloyd, I will show you your room. Easthorpe is not Lambswold, you know. You will have no difficulty in finding your way about in it," he added with a slight laugh.

They all went up-stairs together; but Sidney left them then, with a smiling little nod of farewell to Mr. Milner; and the young barrister went to his rooms full of anxiety and uneasiness at what he had seen.

The few minutes he had been at Easthorpe had shown him only too clearly the unhappy state of things existing between the master and mistress of the beautiful home.

Stephen's grave worn face showed a weariness the cause of which lay far deeper than in the hard work by which he had accounted for his altered looks, and Sidney's manner, so strangely cold and indifferent, had impressed him strongly.

What was it? he wondered, as he hurriedly unpacked and began to dress for dinner. What had come between them?

If ever two persons had married with a bright prospect before them, these two had done so.

They had youth and health and prosperity—even riches.

That a great and mutual love existed between them Lloyd Milner had never doubted.

Surely a great happiness was in store for them, he had thought on that bright June morning when he had seen them made man and wife; and but four months had elapsed since then—four short months—and this was the end, coldness and indifference, disunion.

Whose was the fault? he wondered. Not Stephen Daunt's.

He knew him of old, how true and gentle and brave and honorable he was.

The fault must have been hers.

Perhaps, after all, the beauty which made her so fascinating, were but the outer covering.

The kernel of the nut is often rotten at the core when the shell is fair and smooth without.

And yet she was so beautiful; and she looked so unhappy.

The young barrister's clever pleasant face wore a grave and troubled look as he went down-stairs, but it brightened suddenly as he caught sight of a graceful white figure moving lightly across the hall, a figure which turned its head at sound of his step and disclosed Dolly's lovely smiling face of gladness at sight of her brother's friend.

"So you have come at last!" she said giving him her hand with a smile. "You could never find time to come to Lambswold all through the summer, but you managed to come here."

"Are you upbraiding me for having come?" he asked, with a touch of reproach in his pleasant voice.

"No," she answered quickly, "but for not having come."

"If I had thought you," he was beginning then paused abruptly.

What right had he, a struggling barrister, to utter words of tenderness to the daughter of such a wealthy man as John Daunt?

Dolly looked up at him inquiringly, with her innocent smiling eyes full of wonder; and the young man resumed, finishing the sentence in other words than those which had risen to his lips in his pleasure at knowing that she had wished him to come.

"If I had thought it prudent, I should have come," he said lightly.

"But a poor man like myself must not take too many holidays or accustom himself to the luxuries and pleasures of Lambswold.

"You have been at home all the summer?" he asked, as they passed into the pretty drawing-room, softly lighted now by moderator lamps wax-lights, but empty, save for Sidney's pug-dog Duchess, who was nestling cosily on a cushion in the firelight.

"Yes; my mother could not spare me. You see we are the first down, Mr. Milner."

"Yes. Lady Eva is well, I hope?"

"Pretty well; mamma is never quite well, you know," added Dolly laughingly, as she sank down on a low seat, shading her face from the fire with a great black fan she carried, and looking up with laughing eyes at the admiring face of the young man as he stood by the mantelpiece. "But fortunately she is never quite ill! How do you think Stephen is looking?" she asked almost abruptly.

"I don't think such a long spell of foreign cookery can have agreed with him," replied Lloyd Milner, smiling. "He looks rather thin, I thought."

Dolly's pretty face sobered a little; but before she could speak her brother came into the room, looking handsome and distinguished in his evening dress, and approaching the fire, threw himself into an arm-chair.

"Well, Milner, what is the latest news?" he asked gaily. "You ought to have something to tell us, poor benighted provincials as we are, who don't get the *Times* until two-o'clock!"

"But you have time to read it when you get it," Milner said, laughing "where I haven't, and I depend upon the people I see to tell me of current events."

"Dolly keeps me informed," remarked Daunt, laughing. "She is a perfect little newsmonger; she knows every marriage and birth and death in Ashford and the neighborhood."

He was speaking gaily and carelessly; but Lloyd, looking at him, saw his face change slightly, and, although there had been no sound in the room, the young barrister turned and saw that Sidney had just come in.

If she had been beautiful in the hall with her damp garments and disordered hair, she was infinitely more beautiful now—so beautiful that Lloyd Milner looked at her almost in amazement.

She was dressed in black velvet unrelieved by a touch of color—even the lace at her throat and shading her white arms was black—and the sombre richness of her dress became her to perfection, while the only ornament she wore was a broad collar of gold of curious Eastern-looking workmanship, which clasped her throat closely, showing richly against the black lace.

She was not pale now; there was a rich color in her cheeks and a bright light in her eyes; and she was smiling as she came towards them.

"You look so well," Lloyd Milner said easily, moving forward to meet her, "that it seems almost superfluous to ask if your headache has left you, Mrs. Daunt."

She raised her eyebrows inquiringly.

"My headache?" she asked dubiously. "Did I say that I had a headache?"

"You were complaining of one," he said, smiling at the pretty puzzled manner. "But I am afraid it was a pretext to turn away Stephen's wrath at your imprudence."

"A headache is such a convenient pretext," she answered carelessly. "But, now you mention it, I had a headache this afternoon. It has left me now, thank you. Have you brought any new music with you, Mr. Milner? I hope you will give us the pleasure of hearing you this evening."

"I hope you are keeping up your music, Mrs. Daunt."

"I?"—shrugging her shoulders slightly. "Oh, I never sing or play now! Ah, there is dinner! A fortunate announcement which saves me a homily on idleness!" she added gaily, as she took his arm; and Stephen and Dolly followed them into the dining-room.

As dinner proceeded, Lloyd Milner felt more and more impressed by Sidney's manner.

She chatted gaily and almost incessantly, keeping the ball of conversation rolling during the whole of the elaborately-served and somewhat ceremonious dinner.

Dolly joined in now and again; but Milner noticed that more than once she glanced at her sister-in-law, as if such strange gaiety were unusual.

Stephen talked little; but his silence would have passed unnoticed, even by his friend, had it not been that all Milner's senses were on the *qui vive*, as it were, and that he was keenly observant of all that passed.

Careless and at her ease as Sidney seemed he could not help thinking that her gaiety was entirely forced, that her high spirits were wholly feigned.

Once or twice, even in her gayest smiles,

her voice failed her for a moment, and her lips quivered as if with sudden pain; and, as the evening wore on, the rose-color died out of her face, and she became very pale.

When they were alone, sitting over their claret, Milner noticed that Stephen roused himself and began talking with some animation, as if he feared that his silence and depression would be observed; but it was so evidently with an effort that Lloyd was glad to go back to the drawing-room, where Dolly was reading by the soft light of a reading-lamp, and Sidney was playing softly and disconnectedly little scraps of melody on the piano.

She sprang up however as her husband and his friend entered, laughingly refused to play any more, and went over to the Sutherland table by the fire, where tea was waiting.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Suspected.

BY BLAKE PAXSON.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, I spent some delightful months in that most picturesque and charming of retreats—the Isle of Man.

During the summer months, when the herring fishery was at its height, Castletown pier in the early hours of the morning was a most picturesque place, with its boats, and masses of gleaming fish, and queer fishermen and fisherwomen.

But, towering head and shoulders above the crowd, I noticed always a young Manxman, who seemed to be an authority on all subjects of sale.

He wore the common dress of blue flannel, cut in the usual quaint, ungraceful form, but no form of dress could have spoiled a figure moulded in nature's noblest proportions.

His bare, brown neck supported a head and face strikingly handsome, though it was evident from its glowing, bronzed tint, that it had been set against the sun and winds for many a year.

We soon found out that this man was universally respected, and eagerly sought after, not only by his own class, but by leisurely visitors, to whom his knowledge of the sea and of the coast, and of every point of interest within a day's pleasuring, was invaluable.

He seemed, however, to particularly attach himself to a young man, called Philip Saville, who spent some of his time sketching, riding, and dining with the officers of the garrison.

But the most of it in an open boat out at sea.

Indeed, people soon began to notice that Philip Saville and the fisherman, John Taggert, were never very long apart.

The summer passed, and autumn, with its occasional stormy days, was upon us.

Still Saville lingered, people said, because he could not bear to part with John Taggert.

I had, however, some doubts as to whether John was the only charm.

Twice I had come upon Saville and a beautiful peasant girl, named Mary Boyd, belonging to the little hamlet on the sands.

A few days after my second meeting of them I received an invitation to attend a Manx fisherman's wedding, to be given in a great barn of the master of Gwynne, and all his family were to dance at the wedding.

Many of the officers and visitors were guests and among the rest Philip Saville.

His glance, on entering the barn, sought until it found Mary, and then it followed her every moment.

It seemed to specially annoy Philip that John Taggert was on the most familiar terms with her, and after a while, as John passed him, he said, in a querulous voice—

"I should think, John, you would be tired trotting after that little girl—you have done nothing else for three hours."

John answered pleasantly—

"And what for would I be tired in three hours, when it is all the days of my life I mean to trot after her?"

Philip's face darkened visibly; but he made no answer.

Soon after, however, I missed him, and looking through the room, I saw Mary was also absent.

It was a lovely September night, with a full, yellow moon.

As many of the visitors had left the barn for a stroll on the firm, dry sands, I took a friend's arm and joined them.

We had not walked far when we met Philip and Mary hand in hand.

When John Taggert missed his love and his friend, he walked to the barn-door, and saw them sauntering together on the moonlit sands.

It did not take him many minutes to reach them.

"Mary," he said, in an angry voice, "you come home with me at once, or I'll ——"

"John, if you threaten me, I'll never come with you again."

"You can please yourself, Mary Boyd. It's not John Taggert—though he is your promised husband—that will ask you twice."

And with a furious look at Philip, which Philip answered by a provoking little laugh, John went back to the wedding guests.

But all his gaiety was gone.

He would neither dance nor sing, and long before the festivities were over, he left.

As he went home, he glanced towards the sands.

Philip and Mary were together.

Philip held her hand, and stooped his fair, proud head to listen to what she was saying.

John glanced but a moment at this bitter sight.

Then, with a muttered threat, not pleasant to hear, he took the other way.

Unfortunately several people heard the words, and they were afterwards recalled to his condemnation.

A party of fishers came in one morning bringing with them Philip's rowing-boat, which they had found floating a couple of miles out of harbor.

His line and a couple of books were in the boat, and the oars were found not far away, but there was no trace of the young man.

People began to inquire next where John had been during the flow of that morning's tide, and when it was proved that he had been seen leaving the harbor very early that morning, many looked on him with faces of dreadful meaning.

Still, none liked to be premature.

Mr. Saville was always swayed by the caprice of the moment, and it was suggested that he had, perhaps, met a fishing-smack, and was gone with the crew to enjoy some deep-sea fishing.

Every boat that came into the little ports adjacent was eagerly inquired of.

No one, however, had seen anything of the missing man.

Day by day the suspicion of foul play grew more definite.

When ten days had elapsed, and no letters or tidings came, the proper authorities took charge of Philip's personal effects, and John Taggert was arrested on suspicion; but there being no positive evidence to confirm the vague suspicions regarding him, he was reluctantly acquitted.

But now began the worst of his punishment.

John Taggert found himself in pretty much the same condition as the excommunicated men in the Dark Ages.

He could get no work.

If he had not had money saved, he must have starved.

About Christmas time, he met on the seashore the rector of the church he had once so regularly attended.

He would have passed him with a dark, averted face, but the good man would not let him.

He put out his hand, and looked John steadily and kindly in the face.

"John," he said, "do you think I am going to eat my Christmas dinner with your dark, stubborn face haunting me? Why have you not come to see me in your trouble?"

"Your servants, sir, would have said I left a blood step at the door-stone; would you have let me stand upon your hearth?"

"Did you ever try me, John? Turn now with me and come to my study, for I have something to say to you."

Then the good man led him on to tell all the petty insults whose tremendous cumulative power were fast turning him into a fierce, bitter hater of his kind.

And the poor fellow found comfort even in this unburdening of his grief, as well as in the unspoken sympathy that glistened in his listener's eyes.

At last, when the heavy heart had unburdened all its agony, the rector said—

"John, why don't you go away from here?"

"No, sir," he answered, passionately; "I have done nothing to run away for; if there is any justice in Heaven, it will clear me in the sight of my neighbors and kinsfolk.

"I can wait, but I want to be here on the spot when God is ready to hear my cause."

"Are you suffering for money or necessaries?"

"Not much, sir; for since your reverence has been so kind to me, I will trust you with my one secret.

"Mary Boyd brings me many a bowl of bread and milk to the old Druid stones. Our people don't venture there after night, but Mary loves me, and love is not afraid of ghosts."

"Then Mary, as well as I, believe you to be innocent?"

"For these words, sir, God bless you! If you and Mary believe me innocent, I am not quite hopeless.

"Mary has never doubted me; she sought me out at once in my trouble and loneliness.

"I should have gone mad or died the last few weeks, but for her."

"If I should give you work and a little cottage, would Mary marry you, and thus enable you to live down, in your own home these suspicions?"

"Yes, sir, she would leave all her people and come to me; but that is a thing I would not let her do.

"I would not stain my Mary's name with my misfortune. When I am proved guiltless is time enough for me to marry."

After this John was sullen and silent enough, but he did the work the rector gave him, and the support of a man so respected began in some slight degree, to change public sentiment.

But if there was any change in his neighbors, John took no notice of it.

He spoke to no one, he did what work the rector gave him, or spent whole days on the winter sea, comforted at rare happy moments by a stolen visit from Mary.

And so the weeks crept on until the middle of February.

There had been a heavy wind all day, and the sea and wind rose together as the day advanced.

Going up a street, he met an old man who had formerly been his most hearty admirer and friend.

"Going to be a bad, dirty night, John."

"Yes," replied John, curtly.

"Small craft pretty near the Point. Hope she may not get too near the rocks."

"If she was worth her sails, she would have put into harbor early to-day."

It was the longest conversation John had held with any of his comrades for months.

He suddenly remembered the fact, and walked hurriedly away.

That night the storm grew wilder and wilder until midnight, and long before dawn, in the pauses of the wind, could be faintly heard the gun of a ship in distress.

As soon as it was light a crowd of men gathered on the shore, watching eagerly the craft in danger.

It was hard to tell what she was—all her masts were gone, and she seemed to be rapidly breaking up.

Yet the sea ran so high, and the danger of launching a boat was so imminent, that the oldest sailor feared to risk it.

Then John Taggert stepped eagerly forward.

"Will any man go with me," he said, "to save yonder poor fellows?"

No one spoke.

John set his lips and frowned darkly.

"Is there any man here, then, who will help me launch a boat and I will go alone?"

"I will," said the old man who had spoken to him the day before.

Now, if ever a human being was in the mood to command winds and waters, John Taggert was that morning.

He leaped off the quay into the boat, and all thought for a moment that he had found his death.

But presently they saw him grasping both oars erect and firm.

Just then the rector reached the anxious crowd.

"God bless you John," he cried.

But John heard not the blessing.

His face was seaward.

Every muscle, every sense was strained to the uttermost.

He rowed as a man in a dream might row.

Through marvellous dangers and difficulties, he reached the wreck.

Then, as he neared it, he gave a great shout, for, clinging to a remnant of the mainmast, was a fair figure he knew but too well.

He could not doubt his eyes—it was—it certainly was Philip Saville!

Here was his vindication.

John never doubted but that Heaven had sent it, and even he toiled in rowing, he did not forget the uplifting of his heart in unutterable gratitude.

How he got the men off the wreck and brought the crowded boat back safe to the quay was always a mystery to John.

The enthusiasm that filled his whole soul he imparted to the half-drowned men he came to save.

They obeyed him as if he had been a god and John had part of his reward in the shouts that greeted the boat as she slowly and dangerously neared the land.

But when John himself lifted Philip Saville out of it, and in his strong, loving arms carried him as a mother would carry a child, men were afraid to speak.

There was an exultation in his manner that awed them.

So, also, when the rector drew him into the square, and a great crowd gathered round the justified man, there were more tears and hand-shakings than words.

Philip's explanation was a very natural one.

Early one morning he had met out at sea the yacht of an old companion, and learned from him that his elder brother had been killed by a railway accident, and that the family lawyer was looking for him.

His friend offered to run him across to Liverpool in his yacht.

Without much thought he had accepted the offer, leaving a note in the boat to inform his landlady what to do with his effects, if anyone found the boat, which was almost certain to be the case.

Probably the note had been blown away.

Then Philip had been compelled to leave England immediately with a sister, whose delicate health the shock of her brother's death had greatly injured.

One morning, in a package of delayed English letters, he found one from the rector, detailing the wretched consequences of Mr. Saville's disappearance.

This letter had been sent to the family seat after Philip's departure for Italy, had been forwarded to his lawyer in London, and after many delays finally reached the right person.

Without a moment's delay Philip had started for England.

He had hired a small craft to bring him over at once, and thus met the storm that had so nearly proved fatal.

Everything that friendship could devise, and everything that abundant wealth could perform, Philip did to recompense the weary, shameful months that were irreclaimable.

Henceforward John sailed his own ship, and Mary received as her wedding gift the prettiest cottage in her native village, and together they have seen many good days, and had their full share of prosperity.

"Did your fall hurt you?" asked a gentleman of an Irish hod-carrier, who had fallen from the top of a two story house, "Not in the laste, your honor; 'twas stoppin' so quick that hurt me."

Bric-a-Brac.

HOW MUCH THEY KNEW.—The Spanish Government recently arrested the manager of a newspaper in Madrid for publishing a seditious article. The manager laughed in his sleeves and went to prison. In a few days the government discovered that the offensive article was an extract from Macaulay's History, and the newspaper man was let out.

CURRANTS.—These are a smaller species of grape, dried in a similar manner to the raisins. The currant-vines are much cultivated in the Indian Isles, especially Cephalonia and Zante; also in the Morea. They are even said to derive their name from Corinth, where they are abundant. Of late years some disease has attacked the currant vines, the crops have very much fallen off, and the Greek cultivators were almost ruined; but an improvement has since taken place.

SMOKING.—Raleigh gave Queen Bess a pipe of tobacco to smoke on his return from his Virginia expedition. "The Queen," says the chronicler, "graciously accepted of it; but, finding her stomach sicked after two or three whiffs, it was presently whispered by the Earl of Leicester's faction that Sir Walter had certainly poisoned her. But her Majesty, soon recovering her disorder, obliged the Countess of Nottingham and all her maids to smoke a whole pipe out amongst them."

A QUEER CLOCK.—About 1679, Nicholas de Servierre, an old soldier who had served in the Italian army, constructed a whimsical clock. A figure of a tortoise, dropped into a plate of water having the hours marked on the rim, would float around and stop at the proper time, telling what o'clock it was. A lizard ascended a pillar, on which the hours were marked, and pointed to the time as it advanced. A mouse did the same thing by creeping along an hour marked cornice.

RATHER MIXED.—Chinese experimental philosophy seems of rather a mixed nature, and mercury—the metal, not the god—plays a very important part in it. A Chinese newspaper says that mercury, when two hundred years old, becomes cinnabar. In three hundred years more lead, two hundred later silver, and then, "by obtaining a transforming substance known as the "vapor of harmony," it becomes gold. This "vapor of harmony" has, according to the same authority, the power of prolonging life, stopping brawls, expelling poison from the system, and dispelling the gloom of an uneasy mind.

HOW BEADS ARE MADE.—Glass beads are made by drawing the glass into small tubes, and breaking the tubes into suitable lengths for forming the beads. The material is then placed upon a flat plate like a frying-pan, which is heated just hot enough to allow the glass to draw the sharp edges into a round; at the same time the plate or pan is gently vibrated, so as to prevent cohesion of the softened beads. A cylinder is also used somewhat like a coffee-roaster on a small scale. Faceted beads are made by pressing the beads into small moulds that have sharp edges and a punch, so that the eye is punched and the bead faceted at one operation, using small rods of glass heated in a muffle furnace.

BAD COPY.—Horace Greeley's 'copy,' as well known, was a continuous string of riddles for the unfortunate compositors engaged on the paper of which he was the proprietor—riddles they often solved in a way not exactly conducive to the propounder's serenity. When, in exposing some Congressional malpractices, Greeley wrote, "'Tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true,' the familiar quotation appeared in the un-Shakspearean guise, "Two 'tis fifty, and fifty 'tis 'tis five.' A leader upon William H. Seward came forth headed 'Richard the Third.' When Greeley alluded to certain electors as 'freemen in buckram,' the printer turned them into 'three men in a back room.'

A WONDERFUL MEMORY.—A teacher of mathematics named William Lawson, who died at Edinburgh in November 1757, on one occasion, to win a wager made by his patron, undertook to multiply regularly in succession the numbers from one to forty, without other aid than his memory. He began the task at seven o'clock in the morning and finished at six in the evening, when he reported the product, which was tested on paper and found to be correct. It made a line of forty-eight figures, and a fair copy of it long occupied a place on the wall of his patron's dining-room, for which it was framed and glazed. It may be added, that in the course of the day on which the mental calculation was made Mr. Lawson received his pupils as usual and gave them their ordinary lessons in Latin.

A NEW CARD.—A gentleman traveling on the Continent hired a smart traveling servant, and on arriving at an inn in an Austrian village he, knowing the stringency of the police regulations that there prevail in regard to travelers, sent the servant for the usual "registry of travelers," that he might duly inscribe his name therein. The servant replied that he had anticipated his master's wishes, and had registered him in full form as a "Rentier Anglais" (English tenant). "But how have you entered my name? I have not told it you." "I can't exactly pronounce it, but I copied it faithfully from Milor's portmanteau." "But it is not there. Bring me the book, and let me see what you have done." What was his amazement at finding, instead of a very plain English name of two syllables, the following portentous entry of himself:—"Monsieur Warrantedsolidleather, Anglais Rentier."

A SONG OF AGE.

BY FREDERICK TENNYSON.

Lead me a little in the sun
  Kind hand of maid, or loving child;
  My tears the light of Heaven shall gild
Until my wintry day be done;

Though in my heart the voice of Spring
  With its bright flowers and carols clear,
  Tells me not of the passing year,
And the new life in everything;

But takes me back where lie inurn'd
  The ashes of imperial joys,
  Discrowned hopes with quenched eyes,
Great passions with their torches burn'd.

Some spirit out of darkness brings,
  And sets upon their ancient thrones
  The scatter'd monumental bones
Of thoughts that were as mighty kings.

Some voice thrills in mine ear like breath
  Of virgin song, and fair young Love
  Is seen his golden plumes to move
Over the dim gray land of Death.

My heart is like a temple dim,
  Down whose long aisles the moonlight floats,
  And sad celestial organ notes
Hover, like wings of Cherubim.

Touch'd by some unseen hand, around
  The marble figures of the Dead;
  But at this hour no living tread
Is heard, no disenchanting sound.

Stronger Than Pride.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," "A GOLDEN DAWN," "WHICH LOVED HIM BEST," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

THE site for the bridge was chosen just where Lady Lilias had decided, and Lord Audley was very much pleased with it.

When they reached Ulverscroft Hall again, Vane showed them there his plans, and the sketch of the bridge which Sir Raye had so warmly approved.

Father and daughter stood by the library table.

Lady Lilias had taken off her hat, and some of the dead-gold hair lay like a veil over her shoulders.

With careless grace she had thrown one arm round her father's neck, and stood looking with him at the sketch.

"It is a beautiful bridge, papa," she said. "You will call it a foolish fancy of mine, but it looks almost like a chain of flowers."

The Earl laughed at the fancy; but it was not a very exaggerated one, considering the lightness, elegance, and grace of the design.

She looked at Vane with wonder and admiration in her beautiful eyes.

"Is this idea your own? How elegant and simple it is! How beautifully you have sketched it!

"You must be an artist. How clever you must be!"

"You think so, Lady Lilias, because you are not accustomed to the workers of the world," he answered. "There is nothing especially clever about it."

"Can you do better things?" she asked.

"I hope so," he replied modestly. "I think Heaven has given me skill. I love to battle with the difficulties of my profession.

"A fierce tide, a steep hill, a rugged mountain, are all giants whom I love to fight single-handed, to grapple with and conquer."

He looked so earnest, so handsome, so proud, that she watched him with admiration.

In her own mind she thought this man, who loved his work, who liked to grapple with difficulty and danger, who played, as it were, with the great powers of the earth and moved them at his will, was worth a thousand of the "white-handed glittering youth" whom she was accustomed to meet.

From that moment a certain respect for him crept into her heart.

She admired his bravery, his courage, his devotion to his work, and his chivalrous simple notions.

Vane was soon quite at home.

His unaffected noble character and beautiful sensitive face won friends for him.

Every one respected him.

When he had been there three days, the young Duke of Waltham joined the party.

He was neither liked nor admired one half so much as Vane Fraser Vibart.

Still the one blot on a fair noble character remained.

He was ashamed of his origin.

He dreaded lest it should ever be known that he was but the son of a poor ignorant farmer.

He knew it was a hateful weakness, and he loathed himself for it.

But he was powerless to combat with the feeling, and he was thankful that it could never be known.

At dinner one evening, when Lord Audley had invited several guests, the conversation turned upon the recent purchase of Wylton Chase, one of the oldest estates in the county.

It had been bought by a retired pickle-maker, who was very anxious to secure admittance into the charmed circle of county families, but was not permitted to do so.

"We must draw the line somewhere," said the great Lady Holte of Castle Holte; "and we will draw it at pickles."

By some means Vane found himself by the side of Lady Lilias, who looked more beautiful than ever in a superb dress of white lace trimmed with water-lilies and green leaves.

Diamonds shone in the dead-gold hair and on her white breast.

Her arms were bare to the exquisite polished shoulders.

She turned to Vane.

"That is all miserable pride," she said. "Frankly speaking, I would neither visit nor receive this rich pickle-manufacturer.

"The reason why is that he does not, and never could, belong to our class; that neither by thought, education, culture, nor ideas would he be pleasing to us.

"There must be different ranks in society as there are different storeys in a house or strata in the earth.

"One alone is useless; but the whole of them make perfection.

"And my decided opinion is that class distinctions should be preserved. I should not care to associate with those whom I considered inferior."

"Yet you would carry the child of a beggar-woman in your arms?" he interrogated.

"That is a different thing. You will never understand me.

"Now, for instance, if I were that pickle-manufacturer, I should be too proud to cringe and fawn for the society of those who do not want me.

"I should not condescend to buy old pictures and call them family portraits, to adopt some one's crest and talk about my 'hancestors.'

"I should take my stand on my own merits.

"I would say, 'I am a rich man retired from business. I have been a pickle-manufacturer, and now am anxious to mix in good society.'

"Those who chose to value honesty and sincerity could know me if they liked—at least there would be no sham, no pretence, no affectation—I should stand on my own merits."

Vane laughed in a slow pained fashion which puzzled her.

"But you yourself?" he said. "You would not visit or know the Wylton Chase family?"

"Frankly, no," she answered. "I do not admit there is any equality between us. Why should I seek or tolerate such society?"

He looked at her with strange earnestness.

"I begin to understand," he said. "I begin to distinguish between the pride of one who can carry the child of a beggar-woman and the pride of one who could not visit a retired pickle-manufacturer."

She looked at him with a smile in her sweet eyes.

"Then you are beginning to be a wise man," she rejoined.

Still he was strangely ill at ease.

"Lady Lilias," he said, "if I ask you any questions that seem to you rude or out of place, rebuke me; but I should like to understand your social code.

"I see that there are round Ulverscroft some very nice farms.

"They belong to Lord Audley, who takes the most kindly interest in his tenantry Now would anything, could anything induce you to take even the least interest in the young farmers, or the farmers' sons?"

She laughed a sweet silvery laugh.

She did not see the pain in his face, the trembling of his lips, and the keen anguish of his suspense.

"What a droll question, Mr. Vibart! I think no class of men in England so honest, so honorable, so estimable as the farmers.

"To me they seem to be the salt of the earth.

"But what could there be in common between them and me, except the kindly sympathy I have for them?"

"You would not associate with, or receive or whatever the word is, a farmer's son, Lady Lilias?"

"It is too absurd a question to answer."

A gay mocking smile came over her face.

"I will draw the line at the professions," she said jestingly.

"I wish I knew whether I were inside the line or out of it," he remarked.

She was not in the least angry at the words.

To himself he said that, if she knew his origin, she would not address him again.

Just then Colonel Gordon broke into the conversation with an anecdote.

"A very wealthy man," he said, "bought Burchall Park, in our neighborhood, a Sir John Ilford by name.

"He had been in trade in the City—as an oil-merchant, I believe—and he had made a large fortune.

"He was elected Lord Mayor and knighted for some service to the State. He bought Burchall Park, and, soon after his installment there, he gave a magnificent fete.

"All the elite of the county were present; and, looking round, Sir John felt that he had made his position.

"He had sprung from the very poorest and had worked his way upwards. His father and mother had belonged to the laboring-classes, and had never consented to give up their plain homely life to share their son's grandeur.

"Sir John had an enemy who envied and hated him, and who, hearing of the grand fete, gave himself the trouble to go to the village where the old couple lived and tell them that their son had sent for them, and that they were not to exchange their every-day clothes.

"When the fete was at its height and the guests had just sat down to a magnificent banquet, the host at the head of the table, with a Countess on one side and a Baroness on the other, the door was opened, and the old people were suddenly announced as Sir John's father and mother.

"They stood there before the brilliant crowd, old, frightened, and trembling. His enemy had thought to shame the grand noble-hearted man—had thought to see him blush for his old father and mother, and turn from them ashamed.

"Ah, how mistaken he was! It brings a lump into my throat as I think of it. Sir John stood for one half moment at bay; then he went to his trembling old mother and kissed her with a hearty kiss, and shook his father's hand.

"You are heartily welcome!" he said. Holding a hand of each, he led them to the top of the table.

"Ladies and gentlemen, he said, let me introduce my father and mother to you.

"I owe them everything, and I honor them with my whole heart.

"If anybody present declines to know me because I am the son of poor parents, I gladly renounce such person's acquaintance.

"So saying, he sat down again. The Countess made room for his mother, and the Baroness for his father.

"There was a cheer such as had never been heard within those walls before. 'Bravo, Sir John!' cried the gentlemen; and some of the ladies had tears in their eyes.

"'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.'"

"That was a noble man," said Lord Audley; while Vane was silent.

He was asking himself, What if he stood hand in hand with his father and mother before this brilliant young beauty?

And he hated himself because in his heart he shrank from the ordeal.

Suddenly he looked up at Lady Lilias, who had listened in silence.

Surprise made him speak where prudence would have kept him silent.

"You have tears in your eyes, Lady Lilias," he said.

"Yes," she answered gently; "and a story like that was sure to bring them there."

CHAPTER X.

THE force of a terrible passion gradually conquered Vane Vibart and left him powerless to cope with it.

He had been at Ulverscroft only four days, but the time seemed to be much longer—indeed the life that lay behind was almost forgotten.

He did not think of the future.

The present was so full of dazzling light to him that he could not take his eyes from it.

Lord Audley was so delighted with his visitor that he urged Vane to spend another week at Ulverscroft.

And to the young engineer it seemed as though an eternity of bliss were unrolled before him.

With the glowing warmth of the sunlight of love in his heart, he did not stop to count the cost.

He knew only one thing, and it was that he worshipped Lady Lilias.

It was as foolish as if he had wished to woo the moon and the stars.

She was quite as far out of his reach and as far above him.

Even to himself he dared not say that he worshipped her.

But his heart and the strength of his manhood had gone from him.

Away from her all was blank, dull, and desolate.

In the sunlight of her presence all was of the brightest and fairest.

How he managed his work was a puzzle to him.

He found himself compelled to rise early in the morning and get through it before he saw her.

If he caught but one glimpse of her, if he heard only the sound of her sweet voice the blood coursed wildly through his veins.

Certainly fate was good to him.

He met her always at the breakfast-table.

And from that hour he knew time no more until he parted from her at night. He had noticed her great love for flowers, and he rose an hour earlier that he might get the rarest and most fragrant for her.

At first the proud beauty did not know who it was laid the bouquet every morning by her plate.

On the first day she hardly noticed the flowers—touched them, and then forgot them.

On the second day she raised them and looked round half inquiringly.

The same evening she was in the conservatory, and found Vane there reading. They began to talk about flowers and their names.

"Do you believe," said Lady Lilias, "that the characters of people can be known by the flowers they love best?"

"No, I do not," he returned—"for this reason, that, out of twenty people, eighteen would prefer the rose or the lily; and eighteen characters can never be alike. It seems to me no criterion whatever. What is your favorite flower, Lady Lilias?"

They had grown more familiar with each other, and frankly discussed each other's likes and dislikes.

She answered him readily—

"According to you, I, being one of twenty should say, 'The lily' or 'The rose'; but it is neither.

"I love the daphne best; and I think the word 'daphne' is one of the most beautiful and poetic in the language. 'Hyacinth' ranks next; but 'daphne' sets me off dreaming."

The next morning the bouquet waiting for her was made up entirely of lovely fragrant white daphnes, the finest she had ever seen.

Then she knew from whom the daily offering came.

She looked from the flowers to the handsome face so anxiously watching her.

Vane saw a crimson flush rise from the beautiful dimpled chin to the roots of the dead-gold hair, and his heart beat as it had never done before.

Her eyes drooped from his, and something tender and loving came into the exquisite face.

It seemed to him as though the room swam round him.

She was kinder to him than to any one else.

She talked to him, and their conversations were always interesting.

He had lived in a world of which she knew nothing and desired to know something, and she was interested in every detail.

She hardly knew herself how much time she spent in talking to him, and would have looked up in haughty surprise had any one mentioned it to her.

One morning she rose earlier than usual, and, going out on to the western terrace for a breath of the sweet morning air, she saw him sitting at the farther end, where the passion-flowers grew.

His face was turned towards the river, which looked golden in the morning sunlight.

She was struck with the genius and passion that made it so different from ordinary faces, with its innate nobility and refinement, with the proud carriage of the head, and the erect graceful figure.

"No one can ever mistake a gentleman," she said to herself.

"How different are that face and figure from the faces and the figures of the 'sons of the soil'!"

She saw something too in the expression of his face which prevented her from going to him, and sent her indoors with burning cheeks and a beating heart.

The bouquet that waited for her that morning was composed of the sweet flowers that poets call "love-lies-bleeding."

* * * * *

"Papa," said Lady Lilias, as she sat with Lord Audley in the library, "have you ever noticed what a very handsome face Mr. Vibart has?"

The Earl looked up quickly.

"Yes; it has often struck me," he replied. "It is not only handsome, but distinguished.

"He comes of a good family, I should imagine. You would not find such a face as that amongst the crowd.

"The Vibarts are a good family, I believe, but with nothing very particular about them.

"This young man is only an adopted son of Sir Raye's, you remember."

"Yes; but he must be a Vibart—most likely a nephew, as he has the same name. Papa, he is very unlike the men one generally meets."

"My dear, he is a genius. It is in that that he differs from others.

"In the course of my life I have met hundreds of young men, but never one like him.

"He has a poet's soul, as well as the keen intelligence of a business man; he is a strange mixture.

"I admire him so much that I have a real affection for him.

"The day will come when the whole world will do homage to him, and he will be one of the first men in it."

"Do you really think so, papa?" she asked.

"I am sure of it, my dear Lilias."

And she looked very thoughtful at his words.

* * * * * * *

Vane was with Lady Lilias again by the banks of the gleaming river.

He had been making a further inspection of the site for the bridge, and was returning when he met her walking alone.

"Fate is against me," he thought. "Every moment and every hour I fall deeper and deeper into the gulf; and no human hand can help me."

He would hardly have stopped, but that, when she saw him, a lovely rose-flush covered her face and her eyes fell.

Some quick keen instinct told him that, if he were quite indifferent to her, she would not blush at meeting him.

He spoke a few words, and then it seemed quite natural that he should turn round and walk by her side.

He was in a delirium of delight as he watched her face and listened to her sweet voice.

She looked at the gleaming river, the bright sunshine, and the radiant hues of countless flowers.

"This is fairyland," she said.

"Ah, no; it is Love's land, Lady Lilias! Do you know that lovely little ballad called 'Love at Sea'?"

"No; I have not seen it."

"I will not go through it all. Will you listen to the first verse and the last?"

"Yes," she whispered; and the sweetness of the low voice sent a thrill through him.

" 'We are in Love's land to-day:
Where shall we go?
Love, shall we start, or stay,
Or sail, or row?
There's many a wind and way,
And never a May but may.
We are in Love's land to-day;
Where shall we go?' * * * *

'Land me,' she says, 'where Love
Shows but one shaft, one dove,
One heart, one hand.'
'A shore like that, my dear,
Lies where no man will steer,
No maiden land.' "

Silence fell upon them as the words died on his lips.

What was coming to her? she wondered.

Her heart was stirred, the lovely bloom on her face came and went, and she trembled.

What was it?

She had listened to poetry from the lips of princes, and had listened unmoved; but then every prince had not the same music in his voice, nor the same beautiful face and eloquent eyes as this young worshipper by her side.

It was the first time she had ever felt embarrassed or confused.

In those few minutes they seemed to have changed places.

He had taken the ascendency, he had seized the sceptre of manhood.

The nobler and the stronger soul had suddenly asserted its supremacy over the other.

The stronger love had suddenly mastered the other.

What happened to her?

She who had laughed lightly at love and lovers—why should she tremble and blush and falter?

She would not give way to it.

She would fight against it, sweet as it was.

And, though it tore her heart with its mingled pleasure and pain, he should not think the words had impressed her. She looked up at him with a careless laugh.

"Those are quaint pretty words," she said. "Do you know anything else by the same author?"

"Yes. Will you listen? This is called 'An Interlude.' I will give you only two verses again.

" 'You came, and the sun came after,
And the green grew golden above,
And the flag-flowers brightened with laughter,
And the meadow-sweet shook with love.

" 'Your feet in the full-grown grasses
Moved soft as a weak wind blows;
You passed me as April passes,
With a face made out of a rose.' "

Again there was a pause.

His words had stirred her heart with a strange new sweetness, while her silence and her blushes had given to him a courage that surprised even himself.

"These hours at Ulverscroft will never be forgotten by me," he said. "Nothing will ever be like them to me again. I may visit stately mansions, I may see fair ladies but no place will ever be like Ulverscroft to me, and no one—oh, forgive me!—no one like you.

"I wonder if my visit, an eternity of happiness in itself, will prove a blessing or a curse to me."

"Why should it prove a curse?" she asked gently.

His face flushed, and then grew deathly pale.

"Ah, if I dared tell you!" he said. "But you must know—you who are so beautiful that all men love you—you, before whom all men kneel, as the very queen of beauty and love—you must know!"

"But indeed I do not," she replied, with averted face and drooping eyes.

"You know what happens to the moth when the taper is bright—death in the clear hot flame," he said.

"The brighter the light the more cruel the death.

"You know what would happen if a moth loved a star."

"I can imagine," she returned, remembering the poet's beautiful words about the desire of the moth for the star.

"Ah, then, Lady Lilias, you know what has happened to me! I die the same death as the moth. Will you forgive me if I tell you now?"

"Yes"—with the dainty rose-leaf flush deepening. "Say to me what you will."

She had never given so much encouragement to prince or peer; and he almost knew it.

"Most men lose their wits at some time or other of their lives," he said. "That is my case now.

"Pray accept it as an excuse for all that I may say.

"I shall be sorry for my words when I am sensible again."

"I do not like to hear you speak so despairingly," she remarked. "You are generally so bright and hopeful."

"I can have no hope here," he said; "and, when you have heard the story of my folly, I shall like to remember that I defied my fate, dared it, braved everything and told you all.

"You are an Earl's daughter, Lady Lilias and I belong to what you call the professional class.

"Yet I have been mad enough to do as the moth did.

"I have been mad enough to love you—you who, they tell me, have sent away the noblest in the land.

"Overwhelm me with your scorn, hate me for my daring; but remember it is a man's heart you crush.

"I know all I merit for my folly; yet I glory so much in my love that I would proclaim it to the whole world."

The passionate pride, love, and defiance in his voice stirred her heart.

A tuft of meadow-sweet grew at her feet.

She gathered it, and caressed it with her fingers as she spoke.

"I do not know why you should be so sure that I shall scorn you," she said, gently. "I am not much given to scorn."

"You account me vastly your inferior," he rejoined. "You would be angrier with me if I were more your equal."

She was silent.

He looked round with a sigh.

"The trees will grow white again with May," he said, "and the lilies will blossom; but I, with my miserable love-story, shall never appear before you again. You will laugh when you think of me.

"'The foolish, presumptuous man,' you will say. 'He was here only a few short days, he did not speak to me a hundred times, he had neither title nor fortune, he had not one single thing to recommend him; and yet he dared to love me. What was worse, he dared to tell me so.' "

"I shall say nothing of the kind," she murmured, bending her head over the meadow-sweet.

"You will laugh at me. I—oh, Heaven, what am I, who am I, that I should dare even to raise my eyes to your face—you, the fairest, the sweetest of women, and I the lowliest of men?"

She looked up at him then with bright reproachful eyes.

"You are the lowliest of men. I will not have you say that about yourself. You are a genius, and that makes you a king among men."

"Not a king who could woo a queen like you," he answered, "but you will always remember, Lady Lilias, that I knew my fate, that I never nursed myself on any false hope.

"I never hoped for a kind word, and I never dreamed of a smile. In my wildest moments I never thought even of toleration where princes and peers have failed. How could I hope?"

The meadow-sweet trembled in her hands.

Her head bent lower and lower over it.

"I have never loved prince or peer," she said.

"No; I know it. If I dare say what I thought, I should say that you are one of those happy beings who have "never ached with a heart.'

"I grow more daring, you see, Lady Lilias. I know already that I have sinned past forgiveness.

"I know that, in telling you the story of my mad passionate love, I have placed a barrier between us for ever.

"So I will finish my sin, and tell you that men have loved you, and men will love you, but no man in all the wide world has ever loved or can ever love you as I do.

"Remember always, through the long blank years in which I shall see you no more, the greatest, deepest, most passionate love that was ever given to a human heart was laid at your feet for you to trample on—nothing more; and, if I had a hundred lives, a hundred hearts, they should all be laid there.

"The knights of old were content if they might die for the ladies they loved. Lady Lilias, I would ask no greater favor from Heaven than that I might give my life for you."

She did not raise her face to his.

He saw that the white hands caressing the meadow-sweet trembled.

"I have purchased a brief delirium," he went on, "by a lifetime of pain. I shall go from you branded with the fire of a fatal love; and yet I would rather, far rather, have loved you in vain for a few short days than be loved by any other woman until death."

His voice died away in passionate murmurs.

He was silent.

She looked at him with infinite pity beaming in her eyes.

"I am sorry," she said.

"Why should you be sorry? It is not your fault the you are the most beautiful of women; it is not your fault that your beauty and grace madden those who look upon them; you are no more to blame than the star is to blame because the moth desires it."

"Still I am sorry," she repeated gently—"sorry for your pain."

"My pain! Ah, Heaven, how can you know what that pain is? How can you know? How can you understand?

"If I had to choose, I would rather undergo the torture of the wheel, or of the stake, than that of a hopeless love. Those pains kill quickly—these live on.

"How should you know or understand the anguish of a lacerated heart, the bitter pain of longing, the chill of despair, the terrible hopelessness, the weary stretch of life into which no joy can creep? Ah, Heaven grant that none of this pain may ever be yours."

"None of us know what life holds for us," she answered in a low voice, as she destroyed the meadow-sweet with her white fingers.

"It will never hold hopeless love for you," he said. "How can it when one look from your sweet eyes must win what you desire?

"I shall read some day how some great man has wooed and won you. I shall read of your wealth and grandeur, of your high estate, and then—ah, then I shall lie with my face upon the earth and weep as no man has ever wept!

"Then I shall find no peace on earth. But will you—I ask you this by my great love and my great pain—remember me kindly?

"Will you remember that I live with a wound in my heart, and that all my life the wound will bleed?

"Will you think kindly of me for the sake of my pain—will you? Ah, Heaven, I leave my life here!"

She saw him in the utter abandonment of despair, with his face bent and deep sobs shaking his frame.

She laid her hand upon his head.

"Do you know," she said in a low voice, "that I wish my beauty, as you call it, had been blighted before it had done this to you? There is no fear that I shall ever forget it. No man has declared his love like this to me before. I shall think of you—and think of you kindly—as long as I may live."

The gentle touch of her hand seemed to give him fresh life and courage.

The next moment he was kneeling at her feet.

"You are an angel of goodness," he cried. "Will you think of me kindly? Will you let me worship you from a distance? Will you let me fill all my life with work for you—oh, my heart's love, for you?"

There was a strange tenderness in her face and a softened light in her eyes as she replied—

"I will—if you wish it—be a friend to you always; but, as to the other, it could never be, could it? Even if I—if I loved you, it could never be."

"No," he replied; "I know it. I have not dared to ask. I understand. It could not be. But you are not angry with me, Lady Lilias?"

"No, I am not angry," she answered.

"You forgive me for having told you of my love?"

"I have nothing to forgive," she replied. "Love from you must always honor the one you love."

"You care for me then a very little?"

"I will tell you the truth," she said. "I care for you—yes, a little. But it could never be—never! And we must say good-bye."

He took the hand she held out to him.

"Good-bye," he said, with passion and despair in his voice.

"Good-bye, Lady Lilias. Leave me here amongst the meadow-sweet; and if my earnest prayer is granted, I shall die."

* * * * * *

Vane Fraser Vibart declined Lord Audley's invitation to remain there for another week.

He left Ulverscroft that day.

He took with him the crushed blossoms of the meadow-sweet.

CHAPTER XI.

TWO years had passed since Vane Fraser Vibart had prayed to be left alone amongst the meadow-sweet that he might die there.

For him they had been two eventful years.

He had now risen to the head of his profession.

He was crowned with fame.

He had tried to drown all thought, all memory, in work.

He no longer spent hours in watching the fair face of Nature, lest among the green leaves, in the gleaming waters, or in the hearts of flowers he should see the lovely face that had intoxicated him with its witchery.

He spent no more pleasant hours over books of poetry, lest from their pages Lady Lilias's sweet face should smile on him again.

What he suffered no one in all the world knew.

He bore his pain and anguish as the Spartan boy bore the gnawing of the fox.

He realised the poet's words—for his life seemed long—

"Thou shalt fear
Waking and sleeping, mourn upon thy bed,
And say at night, 'Would God the day were here!'
And say at dawn, 'Would God the day were dead!'
With weary days thou shalt be clothed and fed,
And wear remorse of heart for thine attire,
Pain for thy girdle, and sorrow upon thine head.
This is the end of every man's desire."

He fought a brave fight with grim Despair.

There were times when he was the victor.

For a few hours he would cry out that his work was everything, that a man's life was his work, and that love was nothing but play.

Then he would go about trying to smile, and sing gay snatches of song.

After a few hours he would break down with bitter cries and tears.

Once he woke up from a long dream of Lady Lilias, with these passionate words on his lips—

"I wish we were dead together to-day,
Lost sight of, hidden away out of sight,
Clasped and clothed in the cloven clay,
Out of the world's way, out of the light,
Out of the ages of worldly weather,
Forgotten of all men altogether,
As the world's first dead—taken wholly away,
Made one with death, filled full of the night."

He loved her so passionately and so well that he would rather have been dead and buried with her, out of the world's way, out of the light.

He had read in some quaint poem of a man who had loved a beautiful woman his whole life.

He was a son of the people, born for labor and toil.

She was a dainty lady who had never even looked at him with her proud sweet eyes.

It was in the fair land of France.

Down to the banks of the Loire, in the fifth century, came one who brought with him murder and death, one who loved torture.

He gave orders that the bronzed son of the soil and the dainty lady should be bound together heart to heart, and flung into the river.

The man, dying, exulted in death, because, during its agony, the lady he loved his whole life long was with him.

Vane Vibart knew that for such a death he would have lain down his life with a smile.

One thing comforted him.

Every day with weary eyes he looked through the newspapers, but there was never any mention of Lady Lilias's marriage. He read of her triumphs.

Each year brought the fashionable world more and more to her feet.

He read her name among the participators in the most brilliant gaieties of the season.

He knew that she was the queen of the fashionable world.

But there was never a line that told of her marriage.

"No man is good enough for her," said Vane to himself, "and no man could ever be."

The bridge over the Ulver had been built.

Sir Raye, having recovered his health, had undertaken the superintendence of it.

Vane had not seen Ulverscroft since the day he had been left amongst the meadow-sweet alone.

Perhaps Sir Raye had discovered something of Ray's secret.

At least he never said much about Ulverscroft to him.

Through long nights Vane lay almost mad with his misery.

Yet at times athwart his misery came gleams of light, bright and dazzling, yet making the darkness that followed more intense.

He remembered that Lady Lilias had softened to him, and that he had seen that in her face which looked very much like love.

She had owned that she cared for him a little, but she had added that there his suit must end.

There were times when he blamed himself for it.

Yet the words from the sweet proud lips were firm enough—

"It can never be."

Would the time come, he wondered, when he should forget her, when the dead gold of her hair, the proud grace of her figure, the fair beauty of her face, would fade from his memory and cease to torture him?

The incident was bad as it was.

What would it have been if she had known the truth, if she had known that he was the son of a poor farmer, a son of the soil?

She would not even have spoken to him as she did then.

She would not have listened to him even.

At least, now she did not remember him with contempt.

The June of the second year came round quickly.

He was still ill with the fever called "love."

He was still pale and thin, with lines of care on his face.

He had in a great measure forgotten his old home.

The new life with its thousand aims had entirely claimed him.

The new love had drowned all memory of the old.

Since he had grown wealthy, he had sent home every year a sum of money that filled the old farmer with wonder and made the mother cry out with admiration at her gifted son.

But Vane did not go near his old home at all.

It was not that the voice of nature was dead in his heart.

He had simply outgrown the old life.

Still he never forgot them.

Great packages were sent from London to the Meadow Farm.

There were dresses for his mother and Kate, and handsome presents for the farmer and Desford.

They might indeed have lived without working, but that their pride was too great for that.

They longed with unutterable longing to see once more the son who had left them to be a gentleman.

Sir Raye was troubled to see Vane looking so ill.

They had both been in the country for some time.

But the country in June reminded Vane only too keenly of his lost paradise.

On the day after their return to town an old friend of Sir Raye's, whom he had not seen for a great many years, called upon him.

He had been an officer in the army, but had recently succeeded to the Barony of Charnwood.

He was delighted with Vane, but was sorry to see him looking so ill.

"Give yourself a holiday," he said; "all work would not suit any one. Come and spend a week with me. I have just bought a very nice place in the country; and we have some pleasant visitors coming. What do you say?"

"I shall be pleased, Vane, if you say 'yes,' " put in Sir Raye. "I have not felt easy about you for some time. A week or two in the country will do you good. Let me urge you to go."

"I shall be very much pleased," replied Vane.

"Then I may look upon it as a promise—as really settled?" said Lord Charnwood. "I am delighted, and so, I am sure, will Lady Charnwood be. When shall we expect you? We go down ourselves on Tuesday. Will you follow us on Thursday?"

"Yes," replied Vane with a smile, as he remembered that Lord Charnwood had not yet told him where his new place was.

"I am delighted with my purchase," continued his lordship. "The estate is called King's Clyffe, and lies about four miles south of a pretty country town called Holwood."

Sir Rave had turned aside to speak to some one, and so did not hear what was said.

Vane started as though a sword had been held at his breast.

King's Clyffe!

He remembered it well.

He had often been there when he was a boy.

The Meadow Farm lay on one side of Holwood and King's Clyffe on the other side.

He could never go there.

He loved his home and loved his parents too well to go so near them and ignore them.

Vane looked half doubtingly at Lord Charnwood.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Real Princess.

BY F. A. D.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

THEY have no tastes and feelings in common with us."

"It seems to me not altogether beyond the bounds of possibility," said Rawson gravely, "that brewers and grocers and shipping agents, or even—what was it you said?—a costermonger or a cats'-meat man, may have some sparks of humanity about him, may even have as kind a nature and as true a heart as a born gentleman. I would back him against any man who rests content with the fruit of others' achievements, the rank and the fortune to which he is born and never puts forth the power of his manhood to work with hand or brain, not for gold or place merely, but to bring the powers he has to their utmost perfection, and develope all his natural capabilities. We were not put into this world, I believe, to make the best of the world, but of our inner selves, and my idea is that the only way to do that is to work."

"Oh! I quite agree with you," exclaimed Alice, admiring the almost passionate energy with which he spoke.

"Let them work as much as they please—I admire a well-born man none the less for working—but let them keep to their own class and not thrust themselves upon us, or fancy that money will buy them a position in good society.

"My sister's maid has a very appropriate expression for the whole class; she calls them 'jumped up' ladies and gentlemen."

Rawson rose hastily and confronted her, grasping the back of a chair, his dark face grown suddenly very pale.

"Enough, enough, Miss Delamark," he said in a low voice.

"It is unfair to let you go on; I was not quite sure that I understood you aright."

Alice gazed up at him in mute astonishment.

"I am myself the son of a Greathaven tradesman," he went on quickly, "and can lay no claim whatever to the name of gentleman—I am sorry you should have taken me for other than I am.

"But perhaps you, with your aristocratic pride and exclusiveness, can comprehend that even a tradesman's son may have a pride of his own, and can have no wish to be tolerated by the denizens of a higher sphere."

He drew himself up and gave the chair an expressive push away.

"I hope, Miss Delamark, that you will have sustained no permanent contamination from the poison of my society. I can only add my most sincere apologies for having unwittingly intruded into your circle."

He bowed, ignoring the outstretched hand she offered, and walked straight out of the house.

* * * * *

When he found himself in the street, Rawson felt that he had betrayed himself by his somewhat rash proceeding, not only to Miss Delamark, which he could not regret, but also to his friend Coverdale, to whom he should have to render a plausible account of his conduct.

"I must just tell him the whole thing," he said to himself as this disagreeable conviction grew upon him, "supposing he chooses to ask."

Even in this candid mood, however, his English nature prompted him to suppress the raging impulse to go and smash something and do himself a mischief, and he accordingly walked quite slowly and quietly home, lighting a cigar before he had taken many steps, so as to look scrupulously natural and unconcerned.

He owed it to himself to do this, for nobody of course was looking at him or knew anything about it.

He had scarcely got in before Coverdale made his appearance, looking into the cosy little study with a face of great concern.

"Ill, old boy?" he asked, seeing nothing of his friend beyond his brown head, looking dejected and rather obstinate over the top of one of the deep leather chairs which he had drawn close into the fire.

Rawson bit his lip, pulled his moustache with a feeling of extreme ill will, looked ruefully into the glowing coals till his eyes ached again, and finally all his courageous plans ebbed away in a nod and muttered "H'm," meant to signify "yes," which was not true.

"Dear me!" I'm sorry for that," said Coverdale feelingly from the hall outside, whither he had retreated to hang up hat and coat.

"Any idea what it is?" he asked coming in again, stirring up the fire, and looking annoyingly sympathetic.

"I say, don't bother, there's a good fellow," uttered Rawson, anathematising the brilliant blaze which now lighted up his face, and which he felt—from a little awful silence which fell between them—had told Coverdale all.

To Coverdale, naturally, the misfortune did not seem so very insurmountable; in his secret of hearts he very likely thought his friend had had a lucky escape from the ills of matrimony.

He pondered the matter as he fidgeted over his books and papers.

"Have some hot whisky and water, old man," he at length ventured to suggest, "I find that will cure most things."

"You awful old heathen, Coverdale!"

"Well, I think you'll find it put a smile upon the future," said his friend, scarcely knowing what sort of ground he was treading on.

"Thank you; I prefer to see the future as it is," was the brief response, and again silence supervened.

After half an hour Rawson's heart smote him.

Coverdale was so painfully quiet.

So he pulled himself together and attacked the awkward subject with sudden energy.

"Coverdale!"

His friend started, and the pen made an expressive shivering scrape in the middle of one of the neat, scholarly words it had been performing.

"Well?" asked the other, having recourse to blotting-paper to repair the damage.

"I shall go back to town to-morrow."

"Good heavens! No! You don't mean that?" exclaimed Coverdale aghast. "My dear fellow!"

"Made up my mind," replied Rawson, raising a deprecatory hand.

"I shan't do any more good here. Place doesn't suit me, in fact."

"Oh! Hang it all, Rawson! No woman under the sun is worth your worrying your head about," exclaimed the kind-hearted Coverdale.

"It's not my head," said the other shortly.

"I fancy when a man's mortally wounded he has the satisfaction of knowing it at once. It's quite hopeless—I know it—and the sooner I get away the better."

"I wish Miss Delamark at the bottom of the sea!" blurted out Coverdale in great wrath.

"No, no; it wasn't her fault," said Rawson looking distressed, "she has her pride and I have mine, and the two won't pull together."

"What happened then?" asked Coverdale.

"The situation was not without its honor," observed Rawson with a bitter laugh, getting up and standing before the fire with his back to his friend and his hands in his pockets.

He paused a minute or two, staring into the fire, and then, with an effort, roused himself to go on, turning round and leaning back against the mantelpiece.

"She was railing away at all the people about here," he began, "thought them all unutterable snobs, laughed in scorn over their antecedents, and the audacity of their thinking ever to wipe out the shame of being sons of tradesmen by comporting themselves as like gentlemen as they know how.

"Poor demons!" muttered Rawson, and then went on, "I didn't know how her people were swells, Coverdale; not that it could have made any difference. However, of course, when I found that she really meant it all, I up and told her plainly the true state of the case, made my bow and retired."

Coverdale started.

"It strikes me that it was quite unnecessary to do that," he said at length, "though it was just like you. It isn't as if you had committed yourself by showing that you cared for her. What did it signify?"

"But, unfortunately, I had," replied Rawson, coloring, and a dark look of vexation coming into his face, "otherwise, I might, possibly, have held my tongue. I confess, Coverdale, that I was angry," he added with a tremor in his voice, "I am angry.

"What right has a girl to say such things? Of all things, I do think railing unbecoming in a woman——"

"Well, but do you think she cared for you?" interrupted Coverdale.

Rawson raised his eyes in a moment's irresolution and fixed them on his friend; then a quiet smile flickered in his face.

"Is it likely, my dear fellow, that she could care for a man who—who smelt of cheese-paring?" he asked with a bitter laugh.

Whether Coverdale was blinded by this evasion, or merely took it as a hint that more questions would be extremely unwelcome, Rawson did not know, but neither spoke again for ten minutes.

Then Coverdale, brimming over with wrath against Miss Delamark, and pity for his friend, restrained himself no longer.

"If you go, Rawson, you may take my word for it, I shall tell Miss Delamark what I think of her abominable, outrageous, aye, and vulgar pride.

"There's one consolation, however; she isn't fit to be your wife if her soul is so narrow, and so full of ridiculous vanity."

"Pooh, bosh!" exclaimed the other, kicking first one foot and then the other against the fender.

"You'll oblige me by letting Miss Delamark alone. You can't possibly judge a woman by an hour's conversation, though you may find out the difference between her place and yours.

"Good-night, old boy!" he added suddenly, without shaking hands, for he knew that Coverdale's unspoken pity would be vented in his sympathetic grasp, and was in no mood for being pitied.

"I can rattle up my traps in the morning," and he nodded and left the room.

He did not go to bed, however, but waited till Coverdale, having also retired for the night, turned off his gas, and then he went down cautiously and let himself quietly out into the blustering night, crossed the strip of garden, the road beyond, and strode down the mounds of sand on to the shore.

Across an arm of the water twinkled the lights of Greathaven, red and glowing through the cold moonlight.

Rawson was in no mind for standing still and enjoying the scene.

The waste of shallow water with its long rolling waves, all trembling, grey and silver under the chilly moon, and filling the pauses of the wind with its continuous muffled roar, seemed tame and feeble and unresponsive to his mood, so he bent his head against the wild north-west wind and battled along the shore—the wide barren reach of sand, smooth, firm, with scarcely a stone to break its vast monotony—for mile after mile beside the sea, trying to exhaust himself and wear out his anger, his love, and his wounded pride.

The sand was drifting in the wind in great hurrying streams a few inches above the ground.

Sometimes it seemed as if the whole shore were fleeing past him in the ghostly moonlight, and might soon leave him alone with wind and water.

The conviction which was trying to force itself upon him, but which he was trying hard to avoid and stifle, was, that Alice did care for him, and that he had not done well or kindly in judging her by her careless speeches, and leaving her without a chance of righting herself or apologising.

He could well recall her face as he stood before her uttering those cutting words in his anger, now red now pale, the blue eyes growing larger, and then suddenly dropped to cheek or hide the coming tears.

The mute appeal of the outstretched hand.

Then again he thought of his own humiliation, his anger flamed up once more, and he could not bring himself to forgive her, or to attempt to see her again.

And so, between two and three hours after he had left the house, he let himself in once more, slipped upstairs to his room and went to bed, worn out and miserable, angry with Alice Delamark, angry with himself, and fully bent on leaving Talavera the next morning.

* * * * *

True to his resolution, Rawson left Talavera and returned to town, whither he was followed shortly by a letter from Coverdale which did not tend to improve matters—not many letters do, perhaps.

"I saw Miss D. the day you left," the letter ran, "and allowed myself the pleasure of informing her of your abrupt departure, though, to please you, I abstained from further comment upon her conduct or yours.

"I don't know whether it will console you to hear that she went very white when I said it, and looks miserable enough to satisfy any man not made of stone. I hear she is just going abroad with her people."

A month later came a chance scrawl, a sort of by-the-way after-thought, which might or might not happen to interest him, appended to one of Coverdale's letters: "Mrs. Vincent tells me the Delamarks are in Switzerland, and her sister has completely recovered her health and spirits, which, she said, had given them some anxiety a few weeks ago. You'll be glad, I hope, to have done no serious mischief."

From the expression of his face, I am afraid one would scarcely have thought him as glad as he ought to have been.

"There's an end of it, anyhow," he said to himself, as he read this postscript a second time and then flung the letter into the fire with a sigh.

And at the end of some three hours' work at his writing-table amongst packets of papers and piles of legal books, he leaned back in his chair and completed the sentence, "and I must admit that it is only what I deserve."

We all know what an unmitigated consolation it is to reflect that the ills we suffer are of our own making, and Rawson had the satisfaction of feeling this in its full force thenceforward.

Even with this alleviation, however, he found it very hard to recover anything like the tranquil content and peace of mind that had been his before this little cloud had crossed his sky.

Visible, material things pass by and their shadows with them, or if the shadow stand still, we can pass out of it into the sunlight.

But these things pass and leave their shadows upon us, and go where we will we cannot step out of them or ever again find the undimmed brightness that once we knew.

A vague restlessness possessed him, and in his recreation hours, instead of resorting to his club as of old, and whiling away the pleasant time with like-minded bachelor friends, he could find no one like-minded: society was oppressive, everything uncongenial, and he got into a habit of taking long, aimless walks, as though hoping that way to find oblivion for his trouble. Loneliness, however, although pleasant, is not a cure for mental distress, and the forgetfulness he tried to induce was very slow in coming.

The faces he saw did not interest him now that one fair face ever filled his mental vision, and since the future was robbed of its brightness, all life had lost its charm.

His idle walk brought him one day across Hyde Park to the Serpentine.

It was June, and very hot, and he was tired in mind and therefore in body, for the one wears out the other—

"A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a'"—

and sitting there in the shade, absently watching the children playing about, and conscious of a feeling of shame at being so long the slave of his disappointment, he was suddenly accosted by a voice he knew.

His feeling was annoyance at being run down and caught here when he wanted to be alone, but on looking up, the grim lines of his face relaxed into something like a smile, and his eyes met those of a very pretty young lady standing before him in bright summer attire, laughing at his discomfiture.

He rose and shook hands with her and her brother, who was with her, and presently found himself strolling over the grass in their company, making conventional rejoinders to conventional banter, and thinking that there was something decidedly pleasant about this girl after all.

He had danced with her many a time, and always liked her, and as he glanced now and again at the smiling face under the broad shady hat, he thought to himself that it would be curious if it should come to this after all, the very future he had sketched out for himself before that fatal day when he met Alice Delamark—that he should marry a dunce (to use his own expression), a doll with golden hair and pink cheeks, who should know nothing but what he told her.

Here was the ideal being, not unattainable he felt.

Would it not be preferable to the present intolerable state of things?

It is a melancholy fact, a fact that might shook one's belief in the reality of human love and faith, had it not its bright side, that the heart once opened, but cheated of the love it sought, will admit the very next comer rather than return to its old emptiness and be alone.

And not only this, but it can often thus find perfect content.

Rawson felt himself distinctly attracted by the idea.

He did not deceive himself into the notion that he should ever love this girl, but then he did not imagine that she would care very much about that even if it were possible for her to feel it, and as he did not credit her with deep or strong feeling, the thought did not trouble him at all.

A quarter of an hour later he parted with her, and retraced his steps slowly across the grass, making up his mind to try this way out of his labyrinth, and feeling a happier, though perhaps not a better man since their meeting.

He felt a sort of sympathy with his kind once more, and glanced at the playing children with a good-natured pleasure in their light-hearted joyousness, not that he was particularly joyous or light-hearted now, but he was resigned somehow, and no longer grudged and fretted to see others happy.

He felt that his happiness was over and gone now forever, and that he had just given it his last long farewell and turned away.

Two pretty little fair-haired children crossed the grass in front of him, each carrying a doll nearly as big as herself, and I am afraid the dolls were just reminding him of his late companion, when a big St. Bernard springing past them brought both to the ground.

One jumped up directly, evidently none the worse, but the other sat where she had fallen, crying bitterly.

Rawson, seeing no one with them, stopped to help.

"Come, little woman!" he said, in his kind gentle way, "jump up; no bones broken, are there?"

For reply a fragment of a waxen arm was exhibited in the little soft fat hand, and the broken doll was clasped more tightly, with a dreadful sob.

"You'll have to put its arm in a sling, I say," said Rawson.

"Look here, I'm the doctor, you know," and he took out his handkerchief and tied up the injured limb in the orthodox way, while the sorrow of the little girl was lost in wonder at him, and even perhaps in pleasure at this new and brilliant idea.

"There!" he said triumphantly when it was done.

"Now, then, up you get! and don't do it again;" and he set her on her feet, with the doll well tied up, safe in her arms.

As he raised himself from stooping over the child, and uttered a cheery "Good-bye, little woman!" he found he had not been, as he thought, alone with the children, but that their mamma or governess had come up without his noticing it, and was evidently going to thank him.

He lifted his hat and looked up with a smile and a deprecating expression.

"Oh, it was but a trifle," he began; and

then a sudden flash of recognition crossed his face as their eyes met, and he stood transfixed in confusion, apparently unable to utter another syllable.

The lady held out her hand with a grave, almost appealing, look, but he put his behind his back, coloring deeply; and then at last he spoke.

"I don't deserve to touch your hand, Miss Delamark," he said, looking down, "until I have apologized for my abominable rudeness when I left you."

Alice's blue eyes opened very wide.

"Are you apologizing to me?" she asked, in a low incredulous tone. "Oh, Mr. Rawson, you are satirical.

"But I would have told you then, if you would have stayed one moment, how sorry I was to—to have said all those foolish and unworthy things"—the words were suddenly lost, and Rawson, looking at her face, saw it overspread with burning blushes, and big bright tears running down.

"I didn't mean it—you couldn't really think I meant it.

"I wasn't thinking at all—I don't wonder at your being angry. Can you forgive me?"

"Can you forgive me?" he asked. "I knew in my heart that you didn't mean it," he went on, "but I have been possessed with a demon, I think, and been a great dunce into the bargain.

"I richly deserve all the evil I have brought upon myself; but it is something that we may be friends again;" and he held out his hand.

"Will you—can you forgive me, and give me your hand?"

She smiled through her tears and gave it him.

"And—Alice—may I keep it?" he asked, very low, his fingers closing very slowly over it, and she did not take it away.

They walked on slowly, the children—her nieces—going before them.

Rawson drew the hand he held within his arm and kept it there, held it tight, in fact, for he was going to say something naughty, and reasonably feared the consequences.

"Alice, do you really think you can bear the perpetual contamination of my society, and the brand of my plebeian name, and—and the smell of——"

"Ah," she interrupted, rising superior to his cruelty, and only smiling very sweetly, "but I never found you out, so it doesn't matter.

"I was not a real princess, you see, after all."

[THE END]

VAL'S GOVERNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY SAILOR BOYS," "A FALSE FRIEND," "AS ROSES FADE," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

MAUDE, I may be discontented; but—I declare there is no fun in life, and if you would not always look so calm and make the best of everything, as you do, I would thank you—I would indeed;" and a pair of troubled gray eyes regarded Mrs. O'Ferra with almost passionate wistfulness.

"Poor Nellie!" said Maude, looking up from her work at the dejected attitude of her sister-in-law's pretty figure, at her flushed face, and, it must be confessed, somewhat untidy hair.

"Put on your hat, and go into the park to meet Jack; it will do you all the good in the world."

"And leave you slaving here? No, indeed, I am not quite such a selfish being! What a dear, good old woman you are! You never grumble."

And with a sigh, Nellie applied herself with fresh energy to the uncongenial task of lace-mending.

"My dear Nell," persisted Maude, "I really wish you would go, for one of us must, to get some more thread; and, since the accident to my foot, I cannot walk much without suffering great pain.

"Besides, Jack, poor fellow, will like some one to meet him."

"Then I will go," said Nellie at last; and, with considerable alacrity, she donned her hat, received the needful coins from Mrs. O'Ferra's slender purse for the purchase of the thread, and set forth on her errand.

As she went along, she received the kindly but respectful greetings of the poor people about, for Miss O'Ferra, though shabbily attired and lodging no better than some of those who addressed her, had the air and carriage of a princess, which, with her natural grace and beauty, unconsciously compelled respect and admiration.

Once in the park, she slackened her pace, and sauntered slowly along, keenly enjoying the fresh, frosty air, as only one can who is country bred and exiled to a town.

The leafless branches of the trees stood out gaunt and black against the gray sky, and every blade of grass glittered with diamond-like brilliancy in its frost-tipped coat.

More and more slowly she walked, till at length, reaching a seat, she sat down, in spite of the cold.

Her thoughts went back to the wild free life of her dear old home.

Her gray eyes, gazing straight before her, saw nothing but the loving indulgent father whose pet and idol she had been, who denied her nothing, and thought nothing good enough for her.

Gone—all in a moment, it seemed—the ancient home of the O'Ferras in the hands of strangers.

The old and faithful servants, who had formed the little court wherein she reigned supreme, were scattered.

Then, with a deep sigh, she thrust these painful memories of the past from her, and was cogitating over the stern realities of the present when her attention was arrested by a dapper little figure standing in the road before her, and a shrill childish voice saying imperiously—

"Don't stare so; it's very rude."

"I beg your pardon," said Nellie, with a pleasant smile, and in a tone of the deepest contrition, as she glanced at the velvet-clad three feet of humanity correcting her.

"Never mind," was the nobly magnanimous response. "Make room for me by you. No, wait a bit; I think I'll go home. You can take me."

"Why, you little rebel, is no one with you?" cried Nellie, looking round.

"No," responded the child, with a laugh; "I came by myself—a long way—hours and hours."

"Then perhaps you will be good enough to tell me who you are, young man, and where you come from, if we are to go home together?"

"Oh, we are staying at the hotel!" replied the child, with the air of a man about town.

Then, in an explanatory way—

"I'm six years old."

"Indeed!" said Nellie. "I should have thought you were twenty-six. But tell me your name and give me a kiss; won't you?"

"I'm Val Hildyard, and I'll kiss you because you're nice," responded Nellie's juvenile admirer, putting both arms round her neck and kissing her fresh lips.

Then, taking her hand, he tried to pull her along.

Nothing loath, Nellie set off, and indulged in a breathless race that bade fair to carry Master Hildyard off his very short legs.

Coming to a full stop by the park gates, she bethought herself to ask which hotel he had come from.

"Oh—er—the hotel!" replied her companion hazily.

Though she ran over the list of all the Dublin hotels she knew, he still remained very undecided on the subject.

This was puzzling.

Half-amused, half-vexed, Nellie took Val's hand again, and they set off to make a round of inquiry and inspection, for he was confident he should know "the hotel" when he saw it.

He was not in the least disconcerted at having lost himself.

Indeed, he seemed rather delighted than otherwise at the idea of the consternation that would prevail at home, which Nellie gathered from his ceaseless prattle was likely to be great.

His papa, he informed her, was Sir Wilton Hildyard.

At length, however, he grew silent and tired.

Nellie was considerably relieved when he recognised the fourth hotel they stopped at.

"There's my mamma at the window. "Come in!"—and he dragged her up-stairs to the Hildyard's private sitting-room on the first floor.

Every available member of the family, and at least half the hotel servants, had been despatched in search of the missing child.

Lady Hildyard, who had seen the pair enter, was the only one remaining to receive them.

She, poor lady, had been for the last three hours consumed with anxiety and dissolved in tears.

She now flung herself upon her knees by Val, and folding him in a close and somewhat damp—for she now wept more than ever—maternal embrace, exclaimed between her tears—

"Oh, my darling Val, my sweet child, how could you frighten your poor mamma like this? Thank Heaven that you are safe!"

Val, not one whit abashed, extricated himself, and taking Nellie by the hand, introduced her in an easy, though not perhaps the most graceful manner.

"Mamma, here's a girl!"

Lady Hildyard promptly began to 'pour out her gratitude to Nellie, as if that young lady had saved her darling from certain death.

"I am going to take her to England," remarked Val. "Can't we, mamma? She'd like to go, for I should lend her my pony to go hunting, like Flora does"—confidently glancing at Nellie for approval.

"Dear child," cried his doting mother, "you are so affectionate!"

Then, turning to Nellie, whom Val was by this time hanging round, declaring she must go to England with him, she added hastily—

"If Sir Wilton or myself can be of any service to you, I hope you will command us. I wish my husband were here to thank you for your kindness to my dear child; but he has gone out to look for him."

"Oh, please say no more about it," said Nellie. "I quite enjoyed it."

Then, with a tremendous effort, she said, with a scarlet face and rapid utterance—

"I hope—that is to say—if—it—it—I am seeking a—a situation as governess, and if you should know of any one requiring one I—I can give good references. I can teach French and music."

Poor Nell!

The words either came tumbling one over the other or halted miserably.

The last sentence came with a gasp, and she was reduced to roseate silence.

"Mamma, mamma, she can teach me French and music!" shouted Val.

Lady Hildyard smiled at the precocity of her son, and went on—

"If you will tell me where you live, Miss——"

"O'Ferra," said Nellie, supplying her patronymic.

"Miss O'Ferra, I will come and see you to-morrow."

Nellie supplied the necessary information.

As it was now dusk, she went swiftly home through the gaslit streets to recount her adventure to her brother Jack and his wife.

* * * * * *

Among the arrivals from Ireland in Liverpool, one cold November day, were Sir Wilton and Lady Hildyard, Miss Hildyard, Master Val, and the governess of the latter, and a train of servants, without which her ladyship never moved.

The governess was Miss O'Ferra.

It had become Nellie's delightful task to teach the young idea—in the person of Sir Wilton's small heir—how to shoot.

Her French and music were not, however, put to very severe test at present, for, though Val knew quite well that "A was an Archer," et cetera, that was all the account he could give of A; indeed, it was almost the alpha and omega of all of his studies.

Physically the child was perfect; but mentally he was not clever—only sharp and apt, lazy, rather mischievous, but very affectionate.

He was immensely fond of Nellie, and lay curled up asleep on her knee through all the night-journey to Marsh End, resolutely declining all his mother's offers to make a bed for him on one of the carriage seats.

Nellie's thoughts were of the dear old home she was leaving behind, and the happy days that would never return.

She turned her face to the window and peered out into the darkness, that no one should see the gathering tears in her eyes, as they quivered unshed on the long curling lashes.

Two years ago had she not been looking forward to her first season in town—her visit to England indeed?

For she had never gone away from her father, and he himself had never left old Ireland.

But, for the sake of his little Nell, he consented, rather than be separated, to break his life-long residence in the land of his ancestors and give his mavourneen a brief season in London.

Then her thoughts had all been of pleasures.

She and her father had intended "doing" the Tower, Museum, and the hundred and one other sights which the metropolis presents to the sight-seer.

And then—ah, came the crash, and her darling father's death, and all was misery and desolation!

How different was this journey from what that was to have been!

With a smothered sigh, Nellie dashed away the tears as the night-express glided into one of the few stations where it stopped.

The train was full, and there seemed to be some difficulty in finding seats for the new-comers.

This was evidently a large town, thought Nellie, as she looked with interest at the animated bustle going on under the flaring gaslights.

Just as she was becoming absorbed in the struggles of an elderly lady with an infinity of small parcels, some one attempted to enter their carriage.

The guard at once interfered.

"Carriage engaged, sir; smoking-carriages farther on."

"Hang your smoking-carriages!" was the irritated reply. "Half as full again as they ought to be already! What on earth does the Company mean by——"

Here Sir Wilton, who had been dozing in a corner opposite to his already nodding lady, sprang to his feet, and let down the window, exclaiming—

"Edward! Edward, my dear lad, who would have expected to see you here? Get in and give an account of yourself."

"Why, Teddie," cried Flora—the Hildyards' only daughter, a pretty girl of about Nellie's age—rousing herself from the sulky silence she usually maintained in the bosom of her family—"is it really you? How nice! Come and tell me everything about everybody."

"A large order that!" answered a deep, pleasant voice, as the owner thereof sprang into the carriage, to the evident relief of the guard, who, hastily throwing in rugs, guncase, etcetera, locked the door again and hurried on.

Nellie saw, as the new-comer stood under the lamp, a big, broad-shouldered fellow, with a handsome quizzical face and heavy red moustache.

"You people seem to have dropped from the skies," he said, carefully rolled himself up in his rug, and showing that he had a due regard for his own comfort.

Then he added, with a laugh—

"I am awfully glad to see you, and your carriage, too!"

"We have been in Dublin for the last fortnight," said Flora, quite alive and charming now that she had a young gentleman to talk to; "and before that we had been staying with the O'Donoghues at some place with an unpronounceable name; but they had a nice house-party."

Nellie turned to answer some question as to the comfort of the master of the family—Val; and when she looked round again it was to encounter the gaze of a pair of red-brown eyes fixed upon her face.

For a second the gray and brown eyes looked into each other, then Nellie sought refuge in gazing out into the darkness, and Flora claimed Teddie's wandering attention.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Scientific and Useful.

LUMINOUS PAPER.—Luminous waterproof paper may be made from a mixture of forty parts pulp, ten parts phosphorescent powder, one part gelatine, one part potassium bichromate, and ten parts of water. It can often be used where luminous paint cannot.

ELECTRIC GATE OPENER.—The French railway companies are about to adopt an electric gate opener. A catch connected with an electro-magnet keeps the gates closed. When a train approaches it closes the circuit, releases the catch, and the gates fly open. The last car on the train as it passes through opens the circuit and the gates are again closed. The same apparatus rings a bell violently on the approach of each train.

PAPER DOORS.—A durable and weighty-looking door is now made of paper. While it costs about the same as wood, it is much better, because there is no shrinking, swelling, cracking or warping. It is composed of two thick paper boards, stamped and moulded into panels and glued together with glue and potash, and then rolled through heavy rollers. It is first covered with a waterproof coating and then with a fireproof coating, and is painted and varnished and hung in the ordinary way.

BIRD-LIME.—Bird-lime is made by boiling the middle bark of the holly seven or eight hours in water; drain it and lay it in heaps in the ground, covered with stones, for two or three weeks, till reduced to a mucilage. Beat this in a mortar, wash it in rain-water, and knead until free from extraneous matter. Put it into earthen pots, and in four or five days it will be fit for use. An inferior kind is made by boiling linseed-oil for some hours, until it becomes a viscid mass.

DUST IN THE EYE.—When, in traveling, a bit of dust gets in the eye, it is best to remain quiet for a little, as the tears may wash it away; the flow of tears may be promoted from time to time by attempting to open the eye. The head of a pin covered with the end of a pocket-handkerchief, and moistened with saliva, may be moved about between the eyeball and eyelid, and will detach the intruder if not too firmly fixed. Another plan is to get a fellow-traveler to raise the eyelid with his fingers, and then gently wipe the red mucous membrane with a moistened pocket-handkerchief, or remove the foreign body if he can see it. A little piece of paper twisted to a point is useful. A drop of olive-oil or castor-oil introduced into the eye will often allay pain and intolerance of light produced by a fine irritant, as sand.

Farm and Garden.

TOOLS.—To remove rust from tools, first scour them with emery moistened with sulphuric acid diluted with six volumes of water; rinse dry and finish with oil and emery flour.

WEEDS.—A prominent fruit grower says weeds will never bother a farmer if he will keep the land in grass, turning sod for crops, and reseeding again to grass after one or two plowings.

ROSES.—A solution made of a tablespoonful of salt-peter to four quarts of water is one of the best antidotes for the rose-bug and currant-worm. It is also death to the cabbage-worm. Apply with force pump or garden syringe.

PASTURE.—Pastures are frequently reduced to less than half of their natural production by being eaten off too closely. If the ground be too bare it dries out until the blades and roots of the plants are scorched. If enough grass be left to protect the soil, and keep it damp, the pasture will be much more productive.

COLTS.—Many colts are stunted for life because their mother's are poor sucklers at best, and poorer still if required to do hard work on the farm as well as rear their colt. Such colts should be trained to drink cow's milk. A little trouble will get them in the way of it and put $50 on their ultimate value. If the cream is needed give skimmed milk. There is no better market for it than the colt.

WHEAT AND RYE.—Where wheat is largely grown rye is one of the worst kind of weeds that can get in land. It is very difficult to separate the grains so that some rye will not be sown each year. But as rye runs up into head several days earlier than wheat it is a comparatively easy matter to go through the grain, and with a corn knife cut out the rye. If cut just before the wheat heads out the rye will not sprout soon enough to mature any seed.

MILK AND CONSUMPTION.—It is asserted that milk from a cow suffering from tuberculosis is not only liable but absolutely certain to produce that disease in the human being who drinks it. It is believed that there are many cows so afflicted in New York, and that they are responsible for many deaths occurring from tubercular consumption. How urgent a subject this is, may be inferred from the fact that the deaths in New York city from tuberculosis last year numbered 5280.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-FOURTH YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT. 13, 1884.

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Address all letters to

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RISING IN THE WORLD.

"Once upon a time," says a fable, "a giant and a dwarf were friends and kept always together. They agreed that they would go and seek adventures in company

"The first battle they fought was with a dreadful monster, and the dwarf, who had plenty of courage, struck him a fearful blow.

"The monster was not much hurt by the dwarf's blow, but in returning it, he struck off the dwarf's arm.

"The poor little fellow was then in a sad plight, and if his friend, the giant, had not come up at that moment, he would have lost his life.

"In the next encounter the two friends met with, the dwarf was again in front, and before the giant could take his part in the fray, managed to get an eye knocked out.

"After this the giant and the dwarf met with a gang of robbers, and a desperate fight took place, in the course of which the unlucky dwarf had the misfortune to lose one of his legs.

"When the robbers were scattered, leaving their treasures behind them, the giant was highly delighted.

" 'These are famous victories, my little friend,' cried he; 'one more, and our reputation will be made.'

" 'No, thank you,' said the dwarf; 'it's all very well for you, but while we are winning the famous victories, I am disappearing piecemeal.' "

In fact, the dwarf, was a jelly-pot, who found out the danger of swimming beside metal. And there are many jelly-pots in this world—good sound articles, many of them, that are never content unless they are swimming among brass pans.

They know the danger. They know that any day a chance blow may show what they are really made of—perhaps send them in bits to the bottom.

But still they go on swimming away with the bravest, and—what is strangest of all—gradually persuading themselves that if they are not exactly brass, still they are formed of something far stronger and finer than ordinary clay

One would imagine that the perpetual struggle to appear richer, or better educated, or used to better society, than one really is—the constant liability to be snubbed by the brass pans—the frequent ridicule of less aspiring jelly-pots, must soon become very tiresome.

But we doubt whether it really is so. Many a one even learns to praise oneself for the struggle to keep up appearances which after all are false, and to ascribe the snubbings to jealousy, and the ridicule to envy.

Jelly-pots are met with in all ranks of life; in fact, there are now a-days nearly as many of them bobbing up and down among the pans as there are floating rapidly on their own side of the stream.

The desire to rise in the world is, no doubt, in itself a useful and innocent ambition; but the desire to appear to rise, without any corresponding inward change, is ignoble and unworthy.

A man who respects himself will as little care to mingle in a society for which he is unfitted, as he will care to consort with those who are beneath him for the sake of a cheap flattering popularity.

To become more refined in taste, better informed, more polite in manners, is not an impossible task; but to accomplish it, honest, honorable, straightforward work has to be constantly done.

To assume the mere appearance of possessing these qualifications by aping the air, and dress, and manner, and social habits of those who are our superiors in these respects is, of course, much easier.

The one implies long watchfulness, self-denial, the cultivation by practice of generous instincts, and habitual consideration for our neighbors.

The other needs only a hardy affectation, and a resolute forcing oneself into company where one is not wanted

The jelly-pot who swims with brass pans—he who affects the society of those who are richer or higher in the world than himself without making himself fit for it—may be sure of one thing: he will lose the respect of all, both pots and pans, whose regard is worth having, and what is worse, he will lose the right to respect himself.

SANCTUM CHAT.

FROM the southern Swiss frontier comes the report that lately two railroad cars arrived at a station there for Italy, one laden with chloride of lime, the other with carbolic acid, and the Italian sanitary guard, faithful to the quarantine regulations, despite all remonstrance, proceeded to "disinfect" the contents of the cars.

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ACCORDING to statistics recently compiled, the annual fire losses throughout the United States by lamp accidents and explosions, aggregate nearly two millions of dollars. The greatest number of lamp explosions is in the State of New York; but more lamp and lantern accidents (aside from explosions) occur in Massachusetts than any other State.

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A FLORAL clock, by which the day hours of twelve, one, two and three are told by different species of the portulaca, the well-known "four o'clock" denoting the hour of that name, while six o'clock is the geranium, and seven the evening primrose, ten the night-flowering cactus, and so on through the 24 hours, is to be exhibited at the New Orleans exhibition.

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THE electric railway at Brighton, Eng., is a success. It runs along the shore every ten minutes picking up passengers as it goes, and can be stopped, when hailed, as easily as an omnibus. Its motion is sliding and pleasant. Its capacity is apparently unlimited. It is to be extended to the western end of the Brighton beach, and is then expected to yield a very handsome revenue to its promoters.

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THERE appears to be a divinity in the shape of a law that hedges the names as well as the persons of royalty about. The following remarkable circular has recently been issued at St. Petersburg, Russia: "The owners of passenger steamers who have been granted permission to name their vessels in the names of the imperial family are bound to keep their boats in excellent order and repair. If, however, any such named steamer, consequent upon commercial operations, should be employed in any manner likely to make the carrying out of the above instructions difficult, the owners are hereby notified that they must re-name the vessel and declare this change of name to the Inspector of Marine."

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THE physical comfort of a man who, of his own accord, is industrious, is in every way a matter which has an actual money value. Those who are disinclined to keep steadily at work, should be allowed no pretense of an excuse of unsuitable surroundings. The inference is plain: Do justice to your workmen, and, as a rule, they will do justice to you; at any rate, an injustice done them will surely, sooner or later, be returned with interest.

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CAN not we see why we should "count it all joy when we fall into divers temptations" or trials? These trials unfold the capacities of our spirits; they separate the gold from the dross, so that in the pure molten metal the image of the Refiner may be perfectly reflected. They lift us into higher ranges of thought and experience than we could otherwise attain. They open to us new and beautiful vistas of truth. They flash light into the depths of darkness and despair, and show us how we may rescue our fellows and ourselves from death.

THE power to converse well is a very great charm. You think anybody can talk? How mistaken you are! Anybody can chatter. Anybody can exchange idle gossip. Anybody can recapitulate the troubles of the kitchen, the cost of the last new dress, and the probable doings of the neighbors But to talk wisely, wittily, instructively, freshly, is an immense accomplishment. It implies exertion, observation, study of books and of people, and receptivity of impressions. No young girl can hope to shine in conversation as her mother does, but every girl can begin to acquire that graceful art which will draw intelligent men and women to her side and enable her to retain them, because they are profitably and pleasantly entertained.

FRENCH schools have lately been taking to object lessons on a large scale, the authorities having come to the conclusion that the best way of teaching children about foreign countries is to let them see those countries for themselves. At several of the Parisian schools a preliminary course of study in the political and industrial history of the countries to be visited is first gone through, and then the pupils are taken en masse to see what they have been learning about. One school has just returned from a tour of Switzerland and Italy, and another from a tour in England. The French consul in London looked after the young tourists, who visited the docks, the post-office, and several of the leading warehouses, as well as the ordinary exhibitions and museums.

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HOLDING that the capacity of man, taken in the widest sense, including character and physique, was finite, and therefore measurable, an Englishman has suggested that a laboratory should be opened at Cambridge, England, to investigate what he calls a new science, the "measurement of human faculty." At the Johns Hopkins University, he said, physical education and hygiene were compulsory on all students, and, although the physical measurements taken were not compulsory, yet few objected, and the result was that the most valuable statistics were collected, and in many instances good advice given to the students in what way to counteract the effects of any abnormal development of the structure of the muscles. He asserted that by a long series of observations it would be possible to measure the human faculty as accurately as, if not more so than, our system of examinations measures the intellectual faculty.

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"PRIVILEGES of the floor" are enjoyed in the United States Senate by its officers, members of the house and their clerks, President of the United States and his private secretary, heads of departments, ministers of the United States and foreign ministers, ex-Presidents and ex-Vice-Presidents of the United States, ex-senators and senators elect, judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, governors of States and Territories, generals of the army, admiral of the navy, members of national legislatures of foreign countries, private secretaries of senators appointed in writing, and the librarian of Congress. In the House: Senators and their secretaries, judges of the Supreme Court, foreign ministers, judges of Court of Claims, governors of States, heads of departments, secretary of the Senate, President's private secretary, senators and representatives elect, and such persons as have by name received the thanks of Congress, and ex-members not interested in any claims before Congress, and who shall so register themselves. During a recess or adjournment visitors are admitted to the floor of either branch.

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AN oculist says: People speak about their eyes being fatigued, meaning that the retina, or seeing portion of the brain, is fatigued; but such is not the case, as the retina hardly ever gets tired. The fatigue is in the inner and outer muscles attached to the eyeball and the muscle of accommodation, which surrounds the lens of the eye. When a near object is to be looked at this muscle relaxes and allows the lens to thicken, increasing its refractive power. The inner and outer muscles to which I referred are used in covering the eye on the object to be looked at, the inner one being especially used when a near object is to be looked at. It is in the three muscles mentioned that the fatigue is felt, and relief is secured temporarily by closing the eyes or gazing at far-distant objects. The usual indication of strain is a redness of the rim of the eyelid, betokening a congested state of the inner surface, accompanied with some pain. Rest is not the proper remedy for a fatigued eye, but the use of glasses of sufficient power to render unnecessary so much effort to accommodate the eye to vision.

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SIR JAMES PAGET recently delivered an address before the International Health Exhibition, in London, in which he stated that the population of England between the ages of fifteen and sixty lose about 20,000,000 weeks' work annually on account of sickness. The average time for males is a small fraction over ten days a year, and for females rather more. This does not take into account the loss of time of those who care for the sick, or those who die before they are fifteen years old. Some 250,000, it seems, die yearly in that country before they reach fifteen. These figures show enormous waste and loss of time through diseases that are preventable. If men and women did not drink or abuse themselves there would be less sickness, and their children would be less liable to die. Then if the State and the cities did their duty there would be fewer foul-air diseases, and fever nests would be banished from the earth. The aim of all who wish well to their kind should be directed to put a stop to intemperance, to securing good sanitary conditions for the whole population, and to help improve man as well as his surroundings. It is all very well to place one's dependence upon divine Providence, but first of all we should exhaust the possibilities of human Providence.

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SOME people cannot endure their own society with patience; they hate to be left alone. They do not know how to amuse themselves. They have no fondness for nature, know nothing of any branch of natural history, and have never cultivated a taste for reading. The consequence is, that when they happen to be thrown on their own resources, they have no resources to fall back upon. Such people are greatly to be pitied. The woods, the mountains, falling waters, and the ocean shore have no attraction for them. They are blind to the beauty of the varied plumage of the birds, and deaf to their sweet songs. Whenever they chance to be left alone for an hour time hangs heavily on their hands. They must always be busy in their own little ways, or taking part in idle chatter and gossip. To sit down and meditate on the great problem of life, and the greater problem of death; to hold communion with the great authors, who, in their works, are deathless; these are things of which they are incapable. They cannot even while away an hour over a humorous book. Young men and young women who cultivate a taste for literature and for science lay up a rich treasure of resources for enjoyment in the many hours of every life which otherwise are long and dreary. In its effect upon happiness the value of culture is beyond all price.

SUMMER.

BY SYDNEY GREY.

I come from the land of the trailing vine,
Where the olive spreads and the myrtle blowe,
Where flaming forth from a leafy shrine
The golden fruit of the orange glowe.
I come from a land which the lingʻring sun
Is loth to leave for a colder clime,
Until the beauty of earth be won
To show the wraith of her sinless prime.

For fair as the flowers that Eden knew
When it freshly smiled from the Master's hand,
Are those which still at my voice renew
Their olden charm in the southern land.
They are strangers here in your sea-girt home,
Where the ruder breezes rise and swell,
I dare not bring o'er the dancing foam
One half the treasure I love so well.

But yet when the swallow he northward soars,
And the bee awakes with a droway hum,
A loyal guest to your bleaker shores,
On the wings of the warm south wind I come.
Then joyfully hail me! Benison sweet
Shall follow my advent many a day,
But roses wither, and time is fleet,
And soon—too soon—must I pass away.

Their Campaign.

BY E. F. SPENCER.

THE Misses Vandersteen were going to Europe, not in a vain spirit of sight-seeing, such as might befit any commonplace American whose finances permitted him to visit the old World, but with a distinct intention of invading and conquering English society.

Possibly they would settle on English soil; but this formed no essential part of their plans.

"I don't know that it's worth while actually to marry any of them," said Mrs. Oppenheim.

Mrs. Oppenheim was the guide, philosopher, and friend of the young ladies, having herself passed two most successful seasons in London, and, she declared, having roused hopeless love in the breasts of innumerable Englishmen, and intense jealousy in those of English ladies.

"Englishmen don't make such kind, obedient husbands as Americans," said this experienced lady; "they are tyrannical and dreadfully stupid; but it always enhances a girl's value with men on this side to have it known that she has refused a few Englishmen.

"I should not advise you, though, to accept anything less than an heir to an earldom, and then only if he is young and handsome.

"The great point is that you'll be presented at Court, which at once gives you a right to the best society here—it's a sort of certificate of merit; and Lady Barbara knows her work, and won't take you to any but the best houses, so I am sure you will have a lovely time.

"Oh, one last caution! don't get too intimate with any of the people on board ship, unless you are quite, quite sure that they are the sort that you will want to keep up with afterwards.

"I was terribly plagued by a woman who went over with me.

"I had been civil to her when we were crossing, and the result was that in London she was always bothering me.

"After she read in the newspaper that I had been at the drawing-room she persecuted me to present her, till I was forced to insult her in self-defence."

Many more advices and warnings did Mrs. Oppenheim give her young friends, till both Valeria and Ermyntrude felt that if their career in England was not successful the failure would be due to their own blundering.

But who was less likely to blunder than these two very stately and self-possessed damsels?

Very high of heart were they when they stepped on board the Cunarder that was to convey them to the scene of their new triumphs.

When they sat down to partake of their first meal with their fellow-passengers, very careful were they not to risk a too intimate acquaintance with any of them.

There was only one, they decided, after privately discussing their companions, that looked at all worth cultivating—a fair-haired handsome young Englishman.

He had been conversing with the people near him with so much animation that they felt sure that he could not be any one of importance.

"I shouldn't think he was anybody," said Valeria reflectively, "though he does look so aristocratic; but then you can never guess at an Englishman's position by his being civil all around. They never seem to think it necessary, even the highest of them, to keep their inferiors at a good distance."

"That's because they are sure that the distance is so immeasureable that no one will attempt to traverse it," returned Ermyntrude, a little bitterly.

She remembered one or two occasions when her social inferiors had not seemed so conscious that she stood far above them as might be desired.

"I wonder what his name is?" she then added.

"I heard some one call him Mr. Ellis," was the reply.

"Ellis! You can't learn much from that. I like a name like Cholmondeley or Grosvenor, that you don't often find outside the *Peerage;* then you know where you are, but Ellis might belong to any one."

"Let us look up the *Peerage*," suggested the younger sister.

They searched that interesting manual, without which no American woman's library is complete, and found that Ellis was the family name of the Earl of Sussex.

"What does it say about him?" asked Ermyntrude.

"He is an old man himself, born 1802. His eldest son, 'Lord Eastbourne, born 1828, married, 1853, Lady Louisa Frederica le Marchant, only daughter of the Marquis of Foxland, and has issue; Hugh Roderick Herbert le Marchant Ellis, born in 1855.'"

With one accord the sisters ceased reading, and exclaimed—

"Can it be he?"

They made an effort to discover if their fellow-passenger was indeed that scion of the noble house of Sussex.

Leaving their stateroom, where the absorbing study of the *Peerage* had been carried on, they went on deck.

They found Mr. Ellis discussing Christian names with some other gentlemen.

"One's godfathers and godmothers occasionally make blunders in the names they give one, but society always sets the matter right," he was saying. "I know a man who was christened Launcelot, but whom every one calls Dolly, for no other reason than that it seems to suit him a great deal better.

"I myself am afflicted with a string of names long enough to serve a whole family if economically used, but they are all contracted into Dick."

The Misses Vandersteen heard only the latter part of this speech.

A ray of disappointment shot from the eyes of each.

This was not the Honorable Hugh Roderick Herbert le Marchant, but some common-place, uninteresting, middle-class Dick!

They walked round the deck, and as they again passed the gentleman they heard the obnoxious Ellis say, in answer to some question—

"No, I did not spend much time in the cities. I wanted to make some sketches, and, with the exception of some of the older parts of New York, I found nothing of interest in the northern towns.

"I spent most of my time on the Hudson till winter came on, and then I went to the south. Now, New Orleans is a place that——"

The Misses Vandersteen listened to no more.

They crept away to their cabin to hide their disappointment.

"To think of his being only an artist!" sighed Valeria.

"But some artists are in society," said Ermyntrude.

She had been more deeply struck by the stranger's good looks than her sister had been.

"Not while they are so young as he is," replied Miss Vandersteen very sententiously, indeed.

Next day was rather stormy, and many ladies were sick.

Among them were the Misses Vandersteen.

Their maid also was ill and unable to attend to them.

The stewardess had too many invalids to look after to give as much attention to the Misses Vandersteen as those young ladies required.

Indeed, they would have fared badly but for the kindness of a young girl named Alice Barclay, who was going to Europe for the first time with her parents.

When they were able only to lie on a sofa in the ladies' cabin she fanned them.

She read to them.

She got them champagne or iced water, as their capricious fancies dictated.

In short, she made herself essential to their comfort.

While they were ill and weak they accepted her attention gratefully, though with a sense of the injustice of a fate which ordained that an Alice Barclay, a little brown-haired girl of no particular consequence, should be well and enjoying the voyage, while the majestic Valeria, and the sinuously elegant Ermyntrude lay prone and helpless.

As, however, the sisters began to recover Mrs. Oppenheim's warning recurred to their minds.

What if Miss Barclay's kindness were only a trick?

She might, like the old man of the sea, climb upon their shoulders, and thus gain admission to the sacredly select social circles wherein they meant to shine.

"One can't be too careful," said the sisters Vandersteen.

They suitably resolved to snub Miss Barclay as soon as they were able to dispense with her services.

At last Ermyntrude was able to crawl on deck.

Alice Barclay, who was sitting in a deck-chair, listening with deep interest to a lively description of a day's hunting from Dick Ellis's lips, saw her as she came up, and was at her side in an instant.

"I am so glad to see you on deck," she exclaimed. "Come and take my chair; it is nicely sheltered from the wind, and Mr. Ellis is telling me about England, and it is so interesting."

"Thanks," said Ermyntrude stiffly; "I don't think Mr. Ellis could give me any information about England that would be of use to me, and I have a chair of my own somewhere."

Ellis found her chair for her, placed it in a comfortable corner, and wrapped her rugs round her.

He did not suggest that she should come near Alice.

She barely thanked him, and he returned to his companion.

"Can you wonder, Miss Barclay," he said, alluding to a discussion they had had the previous day—"can you wonder at my countrymen having such a false impression of yours, when a woman like that comes to England, and calls herself an American lady?"

"I know she is horrid," Alice replied, with something like tears in her eyes; "but then you know that we aren't all like that."

"Yes, fortunately I do; I know you. Formerly my ideal woman was rather hazy and undefined, but now I know exactly what she is like. She is not very tall, but graceful as a fairy; she has brown hair and eyes; she is always bright and cheerful, and she is kind to every one, even to those who don't deserve it. She is an American and her name is——"

"Oh, Mr. Ellis, there is Valeria Vandersteen; do go and get her a chair," interrupted Alice, calmly.

She looked him in the face with a glance that seemed to defy him to say she was blushing.

"Thanks," said Dick, "I am only a barbarous Englishman, and a little insolence from a woman goes a long way with me. I have had quite as much as I want at present."

"Oh, but I wish you would help her!" said Alice.

"That alters the case."

Dick obediently went and arranged every thing for Valeria's comfort.

He thereby deepened the impression in the Valdersteen mind that he wished to attain the honor of their intimacy.

Presently a pause in their conversation enabled Alice and Dick to hear a dialogue between the sisters which was evidently levelled at them.

"The worst of their being no titles with us," said Valeria, "is that Englishmen who would never aspire to good society in their own country think they have a right to mix with the best families in America."

"Yes, but they don't keep it up long," answered her sister; "they find their own level pretty soon, and keep to the families of dry-goodsmen and the like."

Alice Barclay started hurriedly from her seat.

"Please take me for a walk up the deck, Mr. Ellis," she said, "I cannot endure this any longer."

When they were out of hearing she exclaimed—

"I should like to throw them both overboard!"

"Don't," cried Dick, laughing. "I don't mind taking any wager you like that before three months are over they will wish they had drowned themselves before they spoke rudely of either you or me."

During the remainder of the voyage the Misses Vandersteen treated Alice with a condescending stiffness.

This, we are sorry to say, made her regret she had ever spoken to them.

Dick Ellis they carefully ignored, save once.

He was in the saloon, putting up in a portfolio some sketches which he had just been showing to Miss Barclay, when Valeria entered.

She herself had some talent for painting and no little love for it.

She could not resist the pleasure of looking at these drawings.

"Did you do them, Mr. Ellis? Oh, do let me see them!"

He showed her each one.

He told her about the subjects and about the spots where they were made, in such an interesting manner that for full half an hour Valeria forgot the solemn duty of keeping him at a distance.

But as they came to the last of the pictures she recalled it, and mourned her temporary unbending.

"This is really lovely," she said, taking up a view of the Hudson; "I should like to buy it. What is the price of it, please, Mr. Ellis?"

He stared at her in amazement.

"Excuse me," he said, "my sketches are not for sale."

"But I want this one particularly," said she.

"Then, Miss Vandersteen, will you honor me by accepting it?"

"Certainly not, I couldn't do such a thing. You must sell it to me."

"But I would much rather give it to you."

"But I won't take it. What price do you ask?"

"I have really never thought of it," said Dick.

"Would twenty-five dollars be enough for it?"

"Since you make a point of buying it—yes."

Valeria produced her purse, paid him the money, and carried off the sketch in triumph.

"Now he can't presume on knowing us," she reflected.

"If I had accepted the drawing," she added, "he might have made use of the incident to foist himself on us in London, but now it's merely a matter of business between us."

If Dick muttered something unorthodox under his breath after Miss Vandersteen had left him it might surely be forgiven him.

He collected his sketches again and went to Miss Barclay.

"I have just had a new experience, Miss Barclay," he said; "I have been earning money."

"Indeed! How?" she asked.

"Miss Vandersteen has just bought one of my sketches for twenty-five dollars."

"Oh, Mr. Ellis! And did you let her do it?"

"She insisted on it. I asked her to take it as a gift; but she evidently considered the offer presumptuous, so I was obliged to let her have her own way.

"But I don't like to be insulted even by a lady; and lest Miss Vandersteen should wish to purchase any further specimens of my work, I want you to do me a great favor."

"I," said Alice.

"Yes. Will you accept the whole portfolio as a token of an Englishman's admiration for your country?"

"Oh, I can't, Mr. Ellis. It is too great a gift."

"Perhaps you would also prefer to buy them?"

"How can you be so unkind! You know I don't mean that."

"Forgive me, I had no right to speak to you like that; but Miss Valeria's manner irritated me so much. You will forgive me, Alice? And in token of your forgiveness you will accept my work, will you not? I should like to think that it was in your possession."

And what could Alice do but blush and consent?

At last Liverpool was reached.

The Misses Vandersteen took a train for London, there to place themselves under the care of Lady Barbara Macnab.

Lady Barbara Macnab was a disappointed woman.

When, as Lady Barbara Vandeleur, she had first made her entrance into society, she had been much admired.

Consequently she had disdainfully refused several offers of marriage which, though good, were not great enough to satisfy her ambition.

It was, as the result proved, an unwise course for a lady so slenderly portioned as she.

An attack of smallpox deprived her of beauty.

Then she was obliged to ask herself, not whom she should marry, but who would marry her.

The question seemed very difficult of solution.

At last a suitor appeared in the person of Mr. Macnab of Tullicanwdor.

It is true that this gentleman was on the high-road to sixty, and possessed certain characteristic Scottish vices in addition to a Scottish length of pedigree and a Scottish shortness of purse.

But Lady Barbara accepted him, saying in her own mind that it was better to be a widow than a spinster.

Of the intervening stage of existence as a wife, the less said the better.

Within two years, however, Mr. Macnab was laid in the grave of his fathers at Tullicanwdor.

Lady Barbara was a free woman once more.

But she was not a rich one.

The jointure she received from the Tullicanwdor estates was not sufficient to satisfy all her desires.

She had been obliged to add to her income by various means.

She wrote paragraphs on balls, bazaars, and beauties for society journals.

She was obliging in countenancing and taking the management of the entertainments of rich parvenus, who of course gave her a handsome present as an expression of their gratitude, and were privileged to send wine, fruit, and game when she herself gave a party.

Every season she introduced a young girl into society.

For this too she was—paid in too harsh a word—let us say compensated by the girl's family, if she was rich, or by the man she married, if she was poor.

Lady Barbara demanded three things of her charges.

They were, that they should be pretty, obedient to her directions, and ready to marry at the end of the season.

She could not stand girls who insisted on flirting with detrimentals and refusing good offers; they must be sensible and tractable.

And let me tell you Lady Barbara was very successful, indeed in her queer vocation.

She had never had a failure, and she had had several triumphs.

Did not her last American heiress become Countess of Begoak, and relieve the Earl from all future anxiety as to the caprices of his Milesian tenants.

Was it not one of her charming but penniless English protegees who married young Ironstone, whose coal mines are the envy of thousands?

It was to her care that the Misses Vandersteen were consigned.

Her ladyship could not help feeling with modest pride that they could not have had a better chaperone.

She was very much delighted with her new charges.

She had artistically advertised them by writing in the paper to which she contributed, paragraphs about "The new American beauties who are at present the guests of Lady Barbara Macnab at her charming little house, the rendezvous of the *elite* of the social and artistic world."

She described their dresses and their diamonds.

She told of the sensation they created at the Drawing-room.

But she knew well that advertisements do not always bring the success they aim at.

In this case, however, they answered their purpose.

The Misses Vandersteen were among the most successful of the season's debutantes.

Lady Barbara began to entertain justifi-

able hopes of a success greater than any of her previous ones.

"Make yourselves look as charming as possible to-night," she said to her proteges, one evening in May; "Lady Foxland is one of the best-dressed women in Europe, and she won't stand dowdiness even in a princess."

"And she's very select, too, isn't she?" asked Valeria.

"Words won't describe it! She draws the line finer than any woman in London. I almost went down on my knees to her to get an invitation to a ball for James Ironstone after he was engaged to Evelyn Mowbray, but she wouldn't yield.

"I believe Mr. Ironstone's father was a collier," she said. 'I decline to receive him, and if Miss Mowbray marries him I shall not receive her either;' and she has kept her word.'

"Any one who goes to Foxland House is safe; and as the Marchioness never crowds her rooms, your dresses are seen to the best advantage. You ought to make a sensation to-night."

Never had Lady Barbara had greater cause to be proud of her guests.

They were beautiful, exquisitely dressed, and successful. Every man in the room wished to dance with them, and, which delighted Lady Barbara more, Lady Foxland herself spoke of them as 'your charming young friends.' "If those girls don't make the best matches of the season, I will never bring one out again!" thought Lady Barbara.

"Valeria," said Ermyntrude to her sister, "I am almost sure I saw Alice Barclay."

"Impossible! She knew no one in London; how could she get here?"

But even as she spoke she saw Alice and, with her, Dick Ellis. Lady Barbara noticed only the latter.

"There is a man I must introduce to you," she said, "he who is going into the conservatory with that little dark girl—I wonder who she is!—Dick Ellis. I suppose he is staying here."

"Here! in the house, do you mean?" asked Valeria.

"Yes."

"O, surely not!"

"Why not? Lord Foxland is his uncle."

"But he is only an artist."

"An artist! He goes in for painting a good deal, I know; but he is Lord Eastbourne's only son, and heir to the earldom of Sussex."

"But, Lady Barbara, that Mr Ellis's name is Hugh Roderick Herbert le Marchant."

"Yes, but everybody calls him Dick. He is a charming fellow."

The Misses Vandersteen nearly fainted with horror; but their partners claiming them at that moment, they were forced to subdue their feeling. But the gentlemen who had the honor of dancing with them were surprised to find them so silent. When they returned to their chaperon, they found that Lady Barbara had captured Dick and was questioning him about Alice.

"She is Miss Barclay," the heard him say. "Her parents and she came over in the same vessel as I, and since then they have been staying with my people at Bourne Lodge."

"She looks very charming."

Dick smiled. "I think her so," he answered, "but perhaps my word won't be accepted, as she is the young lady I am going to marry."

"Indeed, I congratulate you," said Lady Barbara, with every correct appearance of delight, but with disappointment in her heart nevertheless. It was a good *parti* lost. "Let me introduce you to the Misses Vandersteen," she added, however, as a duty.

The future Earl of Sussex was worth having as a friend even if he was lost as a husband.

"I am already slightly acquainted with them," said Dick; and with a few words, polite but chilly, he left them.

Then Lady Barbara perceived for the first time the confusion written on the girls' faces.

"Why, my dears, what is the matter," she asked.

"Let us go home, Lady Barbara. O, let us go home!" almost sobbed Valeria; "if we stop five minutes longer I shall begin to cry."

Lady Barbara was alarmed. She carried them off as speedily as possible, a growing anxiety mingling with her bewilderment.

"And now," she said, when they were home once more, "what is the matter?"

So they told the tale of their blunder, Lady Barbara listening with a face on which bewilderment gave place to gravity and anxiety to horror.

"And O!" exclaimed Ermyntrude, when all was told, "that I should have said to the girl he is going to marry, that he couldn't give me any information about England that would be of use to me!"

"And that I," sobbed Valeria, "should have refused to take the picture he offered me, and insisted on paying him twenty-five dollars for it!"

"You have ruined yourselves," said Lady Barbara solemnly. "If either he or his *fiancee* mentions a word of this to any one—and though he may be silent, she won't—it will be all over London in twenty-four hours, and everybody will be laughing at you."

Then Lady Barbara was silent for a time, considering the situation. For the girls' mortification she did not care—indeed she regarded it as only a just punishment for not making sure whom they were snubbing before being rude to Mr. Ellis and his betrothed; but the odium which their folly reflected on her filled her with vexation. It was her first failure, and it came when she had been anticipating a marked success. After all her skill and care and good management, to come to a fiasco like this! Her reputation as a marriage-maker would be ruined if the Vandersteens' mistake, in all its enormity, came to the world's ears, and she would never be intrusted with a *debutante* again. She felt that she detested the poor girls, of whom an hour ago she had been so proud, and now her sole desire was to get rid of them as soon as possible.

"I think," she said at last, "that you have spoken of some friends in Paris whom you meant to visit in the autumn. Under the circumstances, the best thing you can do is to go to Paris at once."

Brussels Lace.

BY A. L. S.

"YES, that was an exciting day," said Lenox, "the events of which I shall never forget as long as I live. I fully expected a disastrous ending to the journey, but it has proved to be the beginning of a happy golden future for me. No wonder I pinch myself sometimes to see if I am dreaming!"

"You are a lucky dog! Tell us how it all came about."

"Have another cigar, Jack. And you, Teddy, take that easy-chair. Make yourselves comfortable, and I will tell you the whole story.

"I had been moping about in Brussels for a month or more, low in spirits, short of money, and wanting in courage. The Art Academy had refused admission to my 'Desdemona,' my masterpiece, dashing my proud hopes to the ground, and leaving me in despairing doubt as to my next move. At this low ebb of my affairs Rushbrook's letter came; I have it in my pocket at this moment, and will read it to shorten my explanation.

"'Dear Lenox,—Old Morton and his daughter wish to cross the Channel in a few days, and need some one to look after them on the way. "Who in the world is old Morton? And why can't he take care of himself?" I hear you mentally ejaculate; but, when I mention that the daughter is Elaine Morton, the raved-over beauty at Cannes this season, you will read the remainder of my letter with more interest. The father is rather a weak-minded old party, knows no language save his native British, and gets flustered on a journey. Though he would never acknowledge it, he really needs some one to conduct him and his lovely daughter through the heathenish regions lying between Frankfort and the sea-board. I mentioned casually that an English friend of mine in Brussels—meaning you of course—was on the eve of departure for London by the route, that he—Mr. Morton—had chosen. The old fellow seized upon the suggestion—rather to my surprise, as he is a trifle crusty and suspicious—and asked if my friend would join him in the journey. I declared unhesitatingly that nothing would give you greater pleasure; and I told the old gentleman that you were to be found at the Hotel de France. Don't let this chance slip, my boy. Guide those helpless ones on their dangerous pilgrimage, give them an idea of what a Chesterfield you are in every-day life, together with a hint of what you can accomplish in the studio, and you will win the hearts of both father and daughter. Perhaps Miss Morton would sit to you for her portrait, and then your fortune would be made. What are the small discomforts and expense of an unexpected trip to London, compared with the lucky possibilities it embraces? Be at the Hotel de France by eleven o'clock to-morrow. Luck is smiling on you; and you will, I am sure, make the best of your opportunities.

"'Yours devotedly,

"'FRANK RUSHBROOK.'

"Had I wished to decline this office of cicerone, Rushbrook left me but a very small loop-hole for escape. Fortunately the idea pleased me, and I repaired to the Hotel de France at the appointed hour.

"I was ushered into the presence of Mr. Morton and his daughter, and, though I was prepared to behold something a little less than a divinity, my expectations fell far short of the reality. In all the rosebud garden of girls I did not believe such a lovely flower blossomed as Elaine Morton. Her pure profile, her hair so silky-soft, her bewitching brown eyes, and her perfect figure are beyond description.

"Miss Morton was slightly fatigued, and so, for her sake, we decided to rest a little in Brussels before resuming the journey to London.

"My new acquaintances seemed amicably disposed to me—Rushbrook must have drawn the 'long-bow' when recommending me to their favor—and together we visited the various points of interest in the city, I in the seventh heaven of delight at being allowed to walk the streets and sit upon the shabby cushions of a cab with Elaine Morton.

"She was fascinating and pleasing in manner as in looks: and my fate was that of almost every man who had five minutes' *tete-a-tete* with her—I fell desperately in love.

"Of course I did not expect her to return my adoration—why should she? But there was at times a something in her smile and glance which I dared to hope was not bestowed upon her other slaves.

"Naturally enough my companions took it for granted that I knew Brussels like a book, and they turned to me for all manner of information concerning the 'lions' of the place.

"Actually I had been so depressed and out of sorts in the Belgian capital that my knowledge of the city was very scant. I did not like to confess this ignorance, and I frequently found myself in awkward predicaments, from which I weakly extricated myself at the expense of truth;

"It was easy enough to humbug the old gentleman; but I had a suspicion that Miss Elaine did not share her father's trust in my statements, and the thought was torture.

"As Elaine and I were sauntering along one day along the Rue de la Madelaine, looking into the very attractive shop-windows, my fair companion suddenly said to me—

"'I shall never know another moment's happiness without——'

"'Without what?' I asked breathlessly, wondering if it were in my power to grant her very ardent wish.

"'Five yards of that lace!"

"'Oh, yes—that piece with the red and blue scallops! It is beautiful!'

"'No, indeed—not that coarse hideous stuff fit only for kitchen-curtains! I mean those festoons of lovely creamy white. The design is forget-me-nots and roses—every stitch done by hand. You see it looks like the most delicate frost-picture.'

"I had never seen a design in roses and forget-me-nots executed by Jack Frost; but I agreed with her without hesitation. Who would not have done so in my place?

"'It will cost a good deal,' she continued, 'and papa may demur; but I must have it.'

"I longed to rush in and buy for her every flimsy rag of lace that the shop contained; but I reflected that this would be premature, and, besides, I had very little money. I contented myself with saying—

"'I am sure your father would adopt every means in his power to gratify you'—with deep meaning in my tone.

"'Papa is very good,' she said, with an upward glance, half shy, half amused; 'but the best men grumble sometimes. I hesitate only because, if I buy this lace, I shall have to pay duty on it at the frontier. I dislike paying duty—it seems such a foolish imposition—and still I want that lace very much. I have an idea. I will buy the quantity that I need and smuggle it. That will be such fun!'

"'I beg of you, Miss Morton, to do nothing of the kind. You would expose yourself to a very uncomfortable encounter with the Custom-House officials, and the affair might be anything but a joke.'

"I was not in the least horrified at her suggestion, for I had frequently noticed in the fair sex a warped morality upon this subject of smuggling, when upon other points the standard of right and wrong fell little short of the angelic.

"'I have been told that there is no difficulty at all in smuggling; one has only to look innocent, and one is allowed to pass unquestioned.'

"'I can assure you on the contrary; very awkward scenes often occur,' I said, drawing a little on my imagination to dissuade her from an unwise act.

"'Whom am I to believe—my friends, whom I have never found in the wrong, or you, who deluded poor innocent papa about those pictures in the Palais de Justice this morning?'

"I winced, for I had coolly manufactured an account of those unlucky paintings, and had seen Miss Morton consulting the guide-book afterwards with considerable perplexity on her face."

"'How is any one to find out if I have five yards of that lace hidden about my dress?' she said, returning to the all-engrossing subject.

"'There is in most Custom-House stations a 'private room presided over by a grim female who has a right to search all the mysterious pockets of any lady who attracts suspicion.'

"'But I am not a suspicious-looking character!'

"'True; but you might be subjected to the search all the same.'

"'Then I suppose I must give up my lace?'

"'I advise you to abandon the idea of smuggling it.'

"With a sigh my companion turned away from the tempting window, and we retraced our steps to the hotel, I believing the question of the lace definitely settled. An hour later we took possession of a first-class *coupe en route* for Calais.

"Fatigue kept my companions silent for a time, during which I—between admiring glances at the beautiful long lashes on Miss Morton's apple-blossom cheeks—fell to meditating upon a very distressing subject which the events of the past few days had temporarily banished from my mind. I was in debt; the cost of a frame for my 'Desdemona' and other items had amounted to the sum of twenty-five pounds.

"For the best of reasons I had come away from Brussels leaving the debt unpaid—I had not the money; nor had I the prospect of making my account even with the world later on, for I had staked everything on my picture and had lost. I was not a black-leg or a sharper, and this debt weighed heavily upon me.

"My meagre income from some property in Ireland had recently diminished one-third, and I had vague plans of embarking for Australia at some early date, there to better my fortunes.

"This step, necessary though it seemed, would be the annihilation of all my previous hopes, for I believed that with the aid of a little money I could win recognition as an artist.

"Presently Miss Morton opened her eyes, and we began chatting in an undertone, while the old gentleman dozed in the opposite corner. We spoke, among other things, of the Channel crossing; and Miss Elaine, dreading sea-sickness, announced her intention of remaining on deck.

"I thought of her exposed to the cold, rough night, and expressed my disapproval of the plan, prognosticating violent storms to occur on that particular night.

"'You are an alarmist, Mr. Lenox, and a good deal of a Miss Nancy. I really believe I know as much about those storms as you do. You frightened me about the Brussels lace, or tried to"—with a saucy look that I did not quite understand—"and now you wish to invoke thunder and lightning upon my defenceless head. You are really a very unsatisfactory nail to hang one's faith on.'

"Though said in a bantering tone, her words cut me, for it seemed only too true that I had given her little else than false information ever since we had met—her to whom I wished to appear as a living encyclopedia.

"An idea occurred to me by which I might convince her of the truth of one at least of my statements, and which I would put into execution before the end of our journey.

"Would our journey's close mean the end of our acquaintance? I thought, with horrible dread. A wild presumptuous hope within me said 'No,' all was not finished between us.

"We speedily drew near the station at the frontier where the Custom-House examination was to take place.

"'I suppose we must turn out here and give up our keys,' grumbled Mr. Morton, as we slackened speed at the station.

"'All out,' called the silver-buttoned guard along the platform.

"I handed out one huge dressing-case and leather satchel after another into the charge of Mr. Morton, and then assisted my fair companion to alight. What a pretty foot and ankle she had! And would she resentfully think the pressure of my hand over hers more than the occasion required?

"The crowd surged about us, and I was separated from Mr. Morton and Elaine as we all entered the Customs office. The moment had arrived to convince Miss Elaine that my statements and warnings were not always to be scorned. The trifling hoax that I had planned would do no harm, and would benefit me in establishing my character for accuracy.

"Unobserved by either of my travelling-companions, I touched a Custom-House officer on the shoulder, and whispered to him, with a knowing wink—

"'I have reason to suspect that young lady of hiding in her pockets more than the law allows'—pointing to Elaine, a few yards in advance of me. 'I advise you to have her searched; it will pay you for the trouble.'

"By this little stratagem Elaine would, I thought, be frightened out of her feminine desire to smuggle, and she would never taunt me again with being an over-anxious 'Miss Nancy.' I should, on the contrary, earn her gratitude in sparing her humiliation and disgrace.

"The officer advanced with alacrity, and I fell back to await results. Here something occurred which had the effect of totally banishing even Elaine from my mind for the time being. Some one put a letter into my hand which ran as follows—

"'Dear Lenox,—Old John is in a rage about the twenty-five pounds you owe him—thinks you have absconded. You have been traced to the vicinity of the frontier, and will be arrested there unless you can pay the money. Don't make a fuss about it—resign yourself to the lock-up for a few days, and we fellows will manage to release you. "'In haste,

"'DERWENT.'

"I was in a terrible predicament indeed—liable at any moment to be dragged away for a paltry debt under the very eyes of my enchantress. I should be disgraced and discarded for ever, for I had not ten pounds in my purse; and to borrow of Mr. Morton on so short an acquaintance would be scarcely less disgraceful than what I dreaded. How the ominous letter found its way into my hands I could not tell—nor did I care; I was too tortured with anxiety as to what the next moment might bring forth.

"It never rains but it pours, and one wave of consternation after another began to engulf me. As I stood wondering whether I should ignominiously take to flight or await my fate, Mr. Morton, hatless, with a face as white as chalk and nervously twitching hands, hurried towards me.

"'Oh, Mr Lenox,' he cried, 'thank goodness I have found you at last! Such a dreadful scene is occurring! My daughter Elaine—the foolish child!—had some lace hidden about her dress. They have found it, and I can't understand much of their chatter, but I think they mean to arrest us all. Do, pray, sir, come and speak a word for us; they must surely know we are people of position. Why, Elaine's mother was a Sidney of——'

"This was no time for a chapter in genealogy, and, leaving the old gentleman with his sentence unfinished, I flew in search of Elaine.

"As I rushed into the office what a tableau met my gaze—Elaine in a fit of hysterical sobbing, a stern-visaged woman regarding her disdainfully, one or two officials talking and gesticulating with much eagerness, and on the table a long piece of lace as fine as gossamer!

"I took in the situation at a glance. In spite of my warnings Elaine had bought that ill-fated lace—she told me afterwards that she had sent the chambermaid out for it at the last moment—and had hidden it in her dress; and I, in my eagerness to make a good impression, had brought all this suffering and disgrace upon the beautiful sobbing darling. How I hated myself for such folly!

"Fortunately she did not know what a villain I was, as she could not understand

a word of what the people were saying about her. She clung to me as to her best friend—wretch that I was!—and begged me not to leave her.

"I had no desire to loosen her clinging arms, and I would have stood rooted to the spot for ever, like a sturdy oak, had not two men, entering the room, claimed my attention.

"One had a very policeman-like air about him, the other was the official to whom I had hinted that Elaine was a smuggler. How the odious fellow leered as his glance met mine! He had not witnessed Elaine's rapturous reception of me, and seemed to think that we were strangers to each other.

"'Will you deliver your message first, sir?' this rogue said to the man in policeman's dress.

"'After you,' the other answered, with a stiff bow.

"It was certainly a ray from my lucky star that warmed the policeman's heart into this little show of politeness, for his delay in speaking proved to be my salvation. The Custom-House official drew me aside, and, to my utter amazement, pressed a five-hundred-franc note into my hand.

"'The informer in such cases of detected fraud receives half the fine,' he said, in explanation.

"Think of it, boys! I was the recipient of twenty pounds for telling tales against Elaine Morton!

"I was wondering whether I should cram the bank-note down the fellow's throat or tear it into a thousand pieces, when the words of the policeman caused me to abandon both ideas.

"'I have a bill from Monsieur Jahn of Brussels against Monsieur Lenox, art-student, for twenty-five pounds. Monsieur Lenox will pay me that sum within one hour or be imprisoned,' said the functionary in brass buttons.

"How I blessed the French tongue that had no more meaning for Elaine's pretty ears than the crackling of thorns! I had five pounds or more in my purse, which, with my ill-gotten gains, would silence the emissary before me.

"To hesitate was to be lost for ever, and I coolly paid over the price of Elaine's misery to the servant of the law, feeling at heart too much of a sneak to be glad that my debt to old Jahn was at last wiped out.

"Elaine — poor unsuspecting angel— thought that all these men were plotting against her, and that I, through superior diplomacy, had dismissed them.

"But I will not dwell longer on the harrowing scene.

"Mr. Morton paid forty sovereigns for his daughter's whim—he is as rich as Crœsus and did not mind the money—thankful at escaping arrest; and we continued our journey, one at least considerably sadder and wiser than he was at its beginning.

"Both Mr. Morton and Elaine seemed to think that my eloquence had saved them from prison, and I could not convince them to the contrary.

"Our journey ended, they invited me to their house, and showed me every honor and attention.

"You know the rest. A week after our arrival in London I asked Elaine to be my wife; and with lips, eyes and arms, she gave me her answer, making me as happy as a king for ever."

"Do you ever mean to tell her the truth about the Brussels lace?"

"Never, while reason lasts!"

WHAT THEY MEAN.

A SMART, pithy, or humorous definition often furnishes a happy illustration of the proverbial brevity which is the soul of wit.

"Show him an egg, and instantly the air is full of feathers," said a humorist, defining a sanguine man. "A moral chameleon" is a terse reckoning-up of a humbug. Man's whole life has been cynically summed up in the sentence, "Youth is a blunder; middle life, a struggle; and old age, a regret."

Whimsical definitions are sometimes quite as neat and telling as those of a smarter kind.

Dr. Johnson confessed to a lady that it was pure ignorance that made him define "pastern, the knee of a horse"; but he could hardly make the same excuse for defining pension, "an allowance made to any one without an equivalent."

A patriot, some writer tells us, is "one who lives for the promotion of his country's union and dies in it"; and a hero, "who who, after warming his enemies, is toasted by his friends."

Of juvenile definitions, "dust is mud with the juice squeezed out"; scarcely so scientific as Palmerston's definition of dirt as "matter in the wrong place."

A fan, we learn, is "a thing to brush warm off with"; and a monkey, "a small boy with a tail"; "exit, what makes your potatoes taste bad when you don't put any on"; "wakefulness eyes all the time coming unbuttoned"; and "ice, water that stayed out too late in the cold and went to sleep."

A schoolboy asked to define the word "sob," whimpered out: "It means when a feller don't mean to cry and it bursts out itself."

Another defined a comma as "a period with a long tail."

A youngster was asked to give his idea of the meaning of "responsibility," so he said: "Well, supposing I had only two buttons on my trousers, and one came off, all the responsibility would rest on the other button."

"Give the definition of admittance," said a teacher to the head boy.

This went from the head to near the foot of the class, all being unable to tell the meaning of it, until it reached a little boy who had seen the circus bills posted about the village, and who exclaimed: "Admittance means one shilling, and children half-price."

"What is a junction, nurse?" asked a seven-year-old fairy the other day on a railway platform.

"A [illegible], my dear," answered the nurse, with the air of a very superior person indeed. "Why it's a place where two trains separate."

To hit off a jury as "a body of men organised to find out which side has the smartest lawyer," is to satirise many of our "intelligent fellow countrymen."

The word "suspicion" is, in the opinion of a jealous husband, "a feeling that compels you to try to find out something you don't wish to know."

A good definition of a "Pharisee" is "a tradesman who uses long prayers and short weights"; of a "humbug, one who agrees with everybody"; and of a "tyrant, the other version of somebody's definition of a hero."

An American lady's idea of a ballet-girl was, "an open muslin umbrella with two pink handles"; and a Parisian's of "chess, a humane substitute for hard labor."

Thin soup, according to an Irish mendicant, is "a quart of water boiled down to a pint, to make it strong."

Of definitions of a bachelor—"an un-altared man," "a singular being," and "a target for a miss," are apt enough.

A walking-stick may be described as "the old man's strength, and the young man's weakness"; and an umbrella as "a fair and foul weather friend" who has had "many ups and downs in the world."

A watch may be hit off as a "second-hand affair"; spectacles as "second-sight" or "friendly glasses"; and a wig as "the top of the poll," "picked locks," and "pouched hare."

And any one who is troubled with an empty purse may be comforted with the reflection that "no trial could be any lighter."

"Custom is the law of fools," and "politeness is half-sister to charity"—the last a better definition than that which spitefully defines polite society as "a place where manners pass for too much, and morals for too little."

"Fashion" has been cleverly hit off as "arbitrary disease which leads all geese to follow in single file, the one goose that leads the style."

An idea of the amusement of dancing is not badly conveyed by the phrases "embodied melody" and "the poetry of motion."

The "Complete Angler" as a definition of "a flirt" is particularly happy.

Beauty has been called "a short-lived tyranny," "a silent cheat," and "a delightful prejudice"; while modesty has been declared "the delicate shadow that virtue casts."

Love has been likened to "the sugar in a woman's teacup, and man the spoon that stirs it up"; and a "true-lover's-knot" may not inaptly be termed "a dear little tie."

Kisses have variously been defined as "a harmony in red," "a declaration of love by deed of mouth," and "lip service."

"Matrimony" was defined by a little girl at the head of a confirmation class in Ireland, as "a state of torment into which souls enter to prepare them for another and better world."

"Being," said the examining priest, "the answer for purgatory."

"Put her down," said the curate, much ashamed of his pupil—"put her down to the foot of the class!"

"Let her alone," quoth the priest; "the lass may be right after all. What do you or I know about it?"

A TIMELY GIFT.—Books never lose their value as gifts suitable to all occasions. In selecting one, however, it is clearly apropos to select one that the receiver will be sure to read. Hence the impropriety of sending a Hebrew Bible to little Jack Horner, who prefers plums to roots.

There is no trouble in fixing upon the right kind of a book for the man or woman whose mind you know. Between friends worthy of the name there can hardly be a mistake.

You may go to your shelves in preference to going to your bookseller, and taking down some volume which both of you have admired, write your friend's name upon your own book plate, and the matter is settled at once.

You are sure to confer pleasure upon the person whose taste you have so gracefully consulted.

If we give a book to one who loves us or who is loved by us, it will convey a charm quite independent of its contents.

It is as if we made offering of an opinion which, though not accepted, secures hospitable entertainment because it is ours.

It is like bestowing a morsel of ourselves; and we know it will whisper to the reader something of our own tone and accent.

So we may sing with the poem, speculate with the philosophy, narrate the history, and gossip biographies and annals.

So, long after we have departed, the friendly hand may take down the votive volume, and as the eye runs the following pages, and catches a familiar sentence and there the penciled marginalia, how can the old happy evenings be forgotten or we forgotten with them?

GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN at last looks on himself as a full-fledged American. He recently served for two mortal hours as umpire of a base-ball game.

New Publications.

It is pleasant to get close to a great man in comparative privacy, and watch him as it were, while he is unconscious of scrutiny. We thus may discover wherein genius as an element of humanity differs from or resembles the prosaic run of ordinary mankind. A task like this has been Mr. J. B. Thayer's of Cambridge, Mass., who in a beautifully printed little book entitled "A Western Journey with Mr. Emerson" tells of his twelve days companionship with the philosopher. An hour or so will read it through, but on finishing, all will say they wished there was more of it. Arnold's lecture on Emerson is given as an addendum. Little Brown & Co., Boston, Publishers. For sale by Lippincott & Co.

"Mrs. Hurd's Niece." By Ella Farman. The Young Folks' Library. This fascinating story, one of the best from the author's practised pen, will find a multitude of earnest and appreciative readers. It draws a sharp contrast between genuine, practical religion and its fashionable substitute, and shows the hollowness of a life not based upon sound principle. There is hardly a page without its suggestive passage, and we know of few books which contain so much that is really helpful to young girls placed in positions where self-control, moral courage and self-sacrifice are required. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price 25 cents.

In more respects than one "The Amazon" by Carl Vosmaer is a remarkable novel. The author is a Hollander, and his work may be said to represent the climax of the esthetic in literature with regard to the Dutch as a nation and a language. It cannot be called a romance in the usual sense of the word, inasmuch as it is written with purpose. The plot so far as it contains one, and the various characters so far as they play parts that have similarity or resemblance to real life, are subordinate to the main object of the writer. This seems to be an anxiety to so surround his theme with the halo of light reflected from the art radiance of antiquity, that the common-place of to-day is only seen through its glory. In accomplishing this there is a perpetual rising of Greek and Roman shadows, that most delightfully mingle with the realities of the present. It may be said to represent in letters what a Wagnerian strain would suggest in music. Alma Tadema thought the book worthy of illustration, George Ebers of Germany honors it with a preface, and Irving the translator, has done his duty well. Published by Gottsberger New York. For sale by Porter & Coates.

MAGAZINES.

The Popular Science Monthly has the following contents for September: Scientific Culture, its Spirit, its Aim, and its Methods; The Upper Missouri River System, Illustrated; Aims of the Study of Anthropology; Where and How We Remember, Illustrated; The Astronomy of Primitive Peoples; [illegible]; [illegible]; [illegible]; [illegible]; [illegible]; [illegible]; [illegible]; [illegible]; P. Lesley, with Portrait; Correspondence, Editor's Table, Meeting of the American Scientific Association.—The British Association.—International Science.—The College Fetich once more. A Correction; Library Notices; Popular Miscellany and Notes. Appleton & Co., Publishers, New York. Price 50 cents per copy.

The September *Magazine of American History* will interest a wide audience among the hills and valleys of the American Continent. The frontispiece is an excellent engraving of the portrait of Murillo, from the painting by himself. The leading illustrated article, by Mrs. Lamb, furnishes a truthful and spirited Glimpse of the Valley of Many Waters. The second article, with portrait, illustrates the remarkable career of the great South American scientist Francisco Jose de Caldas. Among other contributions of the month, we find an instructive chapter on the Early Connecticut Claims in Pennsylvania, by T. J. Chapman, A.M.; The Medical Department of the Revolutionary Army. One Phase in the Early History of Virginia; Something About Monhegan (on the New England Coast) and a few unpublished letters, two of which are from John Adams to Eldridge Gerry in 1784 and 1785. The Notes, Queries, Replies, etc., contain much that is [illegible] as well as entertaining. This Magazine is proving itself an unfailing source of historical and documentary evidence of the growth and expansion of our vast country. Publication rooms, 30 Lafayette Place, New York City.

THE TOWER DRUMS.—The monster tower drums which were recently presented to the Sydenham Crystal Palace, England, were originally manufactured for the great Handel festivals held in Westminster Abbey, A. D. 1783, 1784 and 1786. They are called Tower drums, owing to the fact that one of the heads was made out of the skin of the celebrated lion known as the "Monsieur Lee," which was exhibited at the menagerie kept at the Tower of London about that period, which is a circumstance almost forgotten.

Ayer's Ague Cure stimulates the action of the liver, cleanses the blood of malarial poison, and renews the system to renewed vigor. Warranted to Cure Fever and Ague.

BAFFLED!

One of the Most Unaccountable and Dangerous of Recent Deceits Discovered and Exposed.

There is some mysterious trouble that is attacking nearly everyone in the land with more or less violence. It seems to steal into the body like a thief in the night. Doctors cannot diagnose it. Scientists are puzzled by its symptoms. It is, indeed, a modern mystery. Like those severe and vague maladies that attack horses and prostrate nearly all the animals in the land, this subtle trouble seems to menace mankind. Many of its victims have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back. They feel dull and sleepy; the mouth has a bad taste, especially in the morning. A strange sticky slime collects about the teeth. The appetite is poor. There is a feeling like a heavy load upon the stomach; sometimes a faint all-gone sensation is felt at the pit of the stomach, which food does not satisfy. The eyes grow sunken, the hands and feet feel clammy at one time and burn intensely at others. After a while a cough sets in, at first dry, but after a few months it is attended with a greyish-colored expectoration. The afflicted one feels tired all the while, and sleep does not seem to afford any rest. He becomes nervous, irritable, and gloomy, and has evil forebodings. There is a giddiness, a peculiar whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly. The bowels become [illegible], and then, again, outflux intensely; the skin is dry and hot at times; the blood grows thick and stagnant; the whites of the eyes become tinged with yellow; the urine is scanty and high-colored, depositing a sediment after standing. There is frequently a spitting up of the food, sometimes with a sour taste, and sometimes with a sweetish taste; this is often attended with palpitation of the heart. The vision becomes impaired, with spots before the eyes; there is a feeling of prostration and great weakness. Most of these symptoms are in turn present. It is thought that nearly one-third of our population have this disorder in some of its varied forms, while medical men have almost wholly mistaken its nature. Some have treated it for one complaint; some for another, but nearly all have failed to reach the seat of the disorder. Indeed, many physicians are afflicted with it themselves. The experience of Dr. A. G. Richards, residing at No. 468 Tremont street, Boston, is thus described by himself:

"I had all those peculiar and painful symptoms which I have found afflicting so many of my patients, and which had so often baffled me. I knew all the commonly established remedies would be unavailing, for I had tried them often in the past. I therefore determined to strike out in a new path. To my intense satisfaction I found that I was improving. The dull, stupid feeling departed and I began to enjoy life once more. My appetite returned. My sleep was refreshing. The color of my face which had been a sickly yellow gradually assumed the pink tinge of health. In the course of three weeks I felt like a new man and knew that it was wholly owing to the wonderful efficiency of Warner's Tippecanoe The Best, which was all the medicine I took."

Doctors and scientists often exhaust their skill and can get at [illegible]. They try everything that has been used by, or is known to the profession, and then fail. Even if the symptoms are overcome at one point, after a time [illegible] elsewhere. Where such a state can be avoided by precaution and cure, how insane a thing it is to endure such suffering! With a pure and palatable preparation within reach, to neglect its use is simply inexcusable.

EATING AND EATERS.—Dr. Fordyce, the distinguished English surgeon, ate but one meal a day.

Dr. Parr confessed his love of hot boiled lobsters, with a profusion of shrimp-sauce.

Dryden said that a chine of honest bacon pleased his appetite more than all the marrow puddings.

Sir Isaac Newton, when writing his "Principia," lived on a scanty allowance of bread and water, and a vegetable diet.

Dr. Johnson was partial to new honey and clouted cream, and all his lifetime had a voracious attachment for a leg of mutton.

Dr. Paley, having been out fishing for a whole day, was asked on his return if he had met with good sport.

"Oh, yes," he answered, "I have caught no fish, but I have made a sermon."

Beau Brummel, speaking of a man, and wishing to convey his maximum of contemptuous feeling about him, said: "He is a fellow that would send his plate up twice for soup!"

Pepys, of Charles II.'s reign, having company to breakfast, mentions: "I had for them a barrel of oysters, a dish of neats' tongues and a dish of anchovies; with wine of all sorts, and ale."

Pope, who was an epicure, would lie in bed for days at Lord Bolingbroke's, unless he were told that there were stewed lampreys for dinner, when he rose instantly and came down to the table.

Franklin at one time contemplated practising abstinence from animal food; but having seen a cod opened which contained some small fish, said to himself, "If you eat one another I see no reason why we may not eat you." He accordingly dined on the cod with no small degree of pleasure.

A LIVERPOOL lawyer who was riding down a steep hill near Ormskirk was fired through a stage window by the overtaking of the shadows.

Our Young Folks.

INARI'S JOURNEY.

BY FRANK ABELL.

THE great fox god, Inari, once determined that he would make a journey through the city to find out where true honesty and goodness existed.

It was a bad age of crime and corruption. Civil wars tore the heart of the fair island; the rich plundered the poor; the poor could get neither justice nor reparation; men's minds were aflame with avarice, and the sun shone upon as foul a scene of depravity as it had ever seen since the days of the fifth great Deluge.

The first place that Inari visited was the counting-house of one of the greatest merchants of the city of Yedo.

"At any rate," he said, "I shall find fair dealing and honesty here, for this man's credit is float on a hundred waters, his word is as good as a bond, and his name is a byword for uprightness and integrity."

He took up his position in the shape of a cobweb in a corner of the sample room. The tide of customers and merchants flowed in and out; the money rattled in the coffers; the clerks were busy with pen and scroll; but no one saw what Inari saw. His heart smote him to see the tricks of trade, and the deceptions practised; the chests of tea were filled with colored leaves and dust sweepings; the bales of silk were weighted with false materials, and their contents dyed with false colors; lacquer and bronze manufactured in the next street were sold as the veritable productions of old times; the very scales used were false; the entries in the scrolls were false; and the stories told to the customers were false.

The next day the whole city was thrown into a state of consternation at the news that the great firm had failed, and that the head partner had gone away no one knew whither.

The next journey of the god was to the "yashiki," or palace of the great lord of Bizen, one of the haughtiest and proudest of the nobles of the empire.

As he seated himself in the guise of a fly on the top of a sword rack in the banqueting chamber he said, "He is too great to be ambitious; he is too rich to be avaricious; he has too great expenses to be extravagant; he has nothing to scheme for, his fame is too bright for him to dare to sully it by dishonesty; he is too familiar with pleasure to be vicious."

The banquet was spread, and the great lord entered in gorgeous apparel.

The sweets, with which the meal commenced, were served on dishes of the purest Nagasaki porcelain; the rice was in bowls of old gold lacquer; the wine—that prince of wines, the "Flower in Full Bloom"—mixed and bubbled in vases of the quaintest Bizen ware, whilst the rarest of fish and fowl came up in quaint dishes brought from China.

Merrily the feast proceeded; the wine-cup circled incessantly; cheeks grew flushed; eyes began to sparkle, and tongues wagged fast.

There was nothing in this with which Inari could find fault, for the prince was wealthy, and it became his dignity to keep a sumptuous table, but he was annoyed and disgusted to observe with what brutality the prince treated his wife, a poor, modest, retiring creature, whose only fault seemed to be that she brooked her husband's insolence so meekly.

If she spoke Bizen answered her roughly; if she smiled he frowned, and the poor woman knew not which way to look or how to behave.

When the dancing girls were ushered in, a retainer, humbly prostrating himself as he crawled along the floor, brought the prince a note.

Inari, who of course could see through walls, doors, and everything, espied a poor ragged man, evidently half dead with cold and want, sitting in the snow outside.

"Now," said the god to himself, "I shall see the true nature of the prince."

When Bizen opened the note his face grew purple with passion, his brow was puckered into a network of frowns, and his hand stretched out to his sword—an act at table which is only tolerated under the most exceptional circumstances.

When Bizen had so far collected himself as to be able to speak, he roared, "What does the scamp mean by intruding upon my privacy with his beggarly petitions? Who let him in at the gate?"

"What is it?" asked his wife incautiously.

The prince turned on her like a wild animal.

"What is it, madam?" he hissed. "Why, it's a letter from an impostor who declares that I have ruined him by forfeiting his tenure last summer; he says he is starving, and has the unheard-of insolence to ask me for the loan of a hundred ryos!"

"You can afford to let him have them, can you not?" meekly asked his wife; "so I will go and give them to him."

The prince raised his hand and struck the unhappy woman to the ground.

Inari could stay no longer.

Outside, where cowered the beggar, he assumed the guise of a retainer.

"Where do you live?" he asked the poor man.

"At Kawasaki, your noble honor," replied the man, trembling with terror, "and I have walked here through the snow some fourteen miles to ask his highness for a little help, for I am very poor and miserable, and through no fault of my own."

"Are you honest?" asked Inari.

"I try to be, your honor, answered the poor fellow.

"I can easily find out," said the god, "so do not deceive me."

The beggar looked at him.

Inari placed his hand in the poor man's sleeve and disappeared.

The beggar, bewildered, looked around, then felt in his sleeve and pulled out notes to the value of five hundred ryos.

Then he fell on his knees and cried, "It is the worshipful Inari himself!" and went his way rejoicing.

The next day the Prince of Bizen was murdered, and his palace burnt to the ground by a mob of discontented tenants.

The next journey of Inari was to a hall of justice.

"If I don't find honesty here," he said, "I don't know where to look for it."

The day's business began, and Inari took the form of a pen in the hand of one of the clerks.

"Call the first case," said the judge, a big, heavy fellow, with a face which betokened constant acquaintance with the good things of life.

The first criminal was introduced; he was carried in, for he had lain five days in a noisome cell with weights upon his back and legs, and could not move.

"You are accused of robbery," said the judge.

"Nay, your honor," whispered the poor wretch, "I was starving. I saw a rice cake on a shop shelf, and I could not resist the temptation to seize it."

"Doesn't matter. It's not petty larceny," said the judge. "People's property must be protected. Fifty stripes with the bamboo, a month's hard labor upon rice and water, and think yourself lucky to get off with your head! Next case."

A dissipated looking young fellow flashily dressed, swaggered in between two officers.

"Sorry to see you here, Mr. Hamaki," said the judge, blandly. "Same as before, I suppose?"

"Well, sir," replied the young man with an air of careless effrontery, "it was at the 'Three Pine Trees'; suppose I had been drinking a bit; the wench was impudent and I cut her down. I suppose a couple of hundred ryos for the family will settle it?"

"Oh, as it was justifiable," said the judge, "we'll call it a hundred. Good morning."

The young man paid the money and left the court.

Inari shuddered.

"Here," thought he, "is a poor wretch who is convicted of having stolen a cake worth half a tempo to appease the cravings of his hunger, and is condemned to be crippled for life; and a young blackguard who kills a woman gets off with an easy fine!"

On the spot he struck the judge with a dropsy, from which he never recovered; and the young murderer was waylaid by the friends of the girl, and so maltreated that he died of his wounds.

Heart-sick and mortified, Inari said, "Now for Kawasaki. Possibly, but not probably, I shall find beneath the lowly peasant's roof what I have failed to discover in the gilded palaces of the mighty."

To Kawasaki he went as a pilgrim.

He soon espied the beggar cutting wood outside a poor but neat little hut hard by the ferry.

Assuming an air of great weariness the god addressed him, 'I am bound for the holy O Yama, to do my wild-winter penance beneath the cascade at Koyisa. I am very poor and, and cannot afford to go to one of the great tea-houses; perhaps you will let me rest here a while and refresh myself, in return for what few tempos I can give."

The peasant took Inari's arm gently and led him in.

"O Kiku!" he cried to his wife, "here, quick, bring some warm water, and something to eat and drink; here is a poor old pilgrim, tired and hungry."

A pleasant looking old woman approached at the summons and saluted Inari. Then the warm water was brought and she bathed the feet of the god, whilst her husband scraped together what little food and wine there was in the house, and set it before him.

"I feel ashamed," said Inari, "at trespassing upon the good nature of those who are as poor as myself."

"Do not mention it, sir," said the peasant. "We have to work hard for our living, but we have always something to spare for poor travellers like yourself."

"And how do you get your living, if it is not a rude question?" asked Inari. "I cut wood for the great tea-houses,' replied the man, "and at busy times I help the ferryman. But I had such good luck the other day that we are quite comfortable now." And he told Inari about his visit to the Bizen palace.

The god said nothing for a few minutes, and then he said, "I shall be returning here in a fortnight a time; could you make it convenient to lend me fifty ryos?"

"Willingly, sir," said the peasant, and he counted out the sum from his bamboo box and placed the paper in the hand of the god.

In a fortnight Inari returned to the peasant's house and said, "Here are the fifty ryos you were kind enough to lend me—and," taking from his pocket a roll of notes, "here are five hundred more. I only borrowed to test your heart, and perhaps you can guess who I am."

The astonished and delighted couple fell on their knees, in an ecstasy of joy.

Inari disappeared, and the poor peasant prospered after after, until he became the owner of the largest tea-house in Kawasaki.

PRAIRIE dogs destroy $10,000,000 worth of grass in Texas every year.

THE FAITHFUL GUARDIAN.

BY CHARLES REED.

TWO women, sisters, kept the toll-bar at a village in Yorkshire. It stood apart from the village, and they often felt uneasy at night, being lone women.

One day they received a considerable sum of money, bequeathed them by a relation, and that set the simple souls in a flutter.

They had a friend in the village, the blacksmith's wife; so they went and told her their fears.

She admitted that theirs was a lonesome place, and she would not live there, for one, without a man.

Her discourse sent them home downright miserable.

The blacksmith's wife told her husband all about it when he came in for his dinner.

"The fools!" said he; "how is any body to know they have got brass in the house?"

"Well," said his wife, "they make no secret of it to me; but you need not go for to tell it to all the town—poor souls!"

"Not I," said the man; "but they will publish it, I never fear; leave women-folk alone for making their own trouble with their tongues."

There the subject dropped, as man and wife have things to talk about beside their neighbors.

The old woman at the toll-bar, what with their own fears and their Job's comforter, began to shiver with apprehension as night came on.

However, at sunset, the carrier passed through the gate, and at sight of his friendly face they brightened up. They told him their care, and begged him to sleep in the house that night.

"Why, how can I?" said he; "I'm due at —; but I will leave you my dog."

The dog was a powerful mastiff.

The women looked at each other expressively.

"He won't hurt us, will he?" sighed one of them, faintly.

"Not he," said the carrier, cheerfully. Then he called the dog into the house, and told them to lock the door, and went away whistling.

The women were left contemplating the dog with that tender interest apprehension is sure to excite.

At first he seemed staggered at this off hand proceeding of his master: it confused him; then he sniffed at the door; then, as the wheels retreated he began to see plainly he was an abandoned dog; he delivered a fearful howl, and flew at the door, scratching and barking furiously.

The old women fled the apartment, and were next seen at an upper window, screaming at the carrier:

"Come back, come back, John! He is tearing the house down."

"Drat the varmint!" said John and he came back. On the road he thought what was best to be done. The good-natured fellow took his great-coat out of the cart and laid it down on the floor. The mastiff instantly laid himself on it.

"Now," said John, sternly, "let us have no more nonsense. You take charge of that till I come back, and don't ye let nobody steal that there, nor yet wives' brass. There, now," said he kindly, to the woman, "I shall be back this way at breakfast time and he won't budge till then."

"And he won't hurt us, John?"

"Lord, no! Bless your heart, he is as sensible as any Christian—only, Lord sake, woman, don't ye go to take the coat from him, or you'll be wanting a new gown yourself, and maybe a petticoat and all."

He retired, and the old woman kept at a respectful distance from their protector. He never molested them; and, indeed, when they spoke cajolingly to him he even wagged his tail in a dubious way.

But still, as they moved about, he squinted at them out of his bloodshot eyes in a way that checked all desire on their part to try on the carrier's coat.

Thus protected, they went to bed earlier than usual, but they did not undress; they were too much afraid of everything, especially their protector.

The night wore on and presently their sharpened senses let them know that the dog was getting restless; he sniffed, and then he growled, and then he got up and muttered about, muttering to himself.

Straightway, with furniture, they barricaded the door through which their protector must pass to devour them.

But, by-and-by, listening acutely, they heard a scraping and grating outside the window of the room where the dog was, and he continued growling low.

This was enough; they slipped out at the back, to save their lives: they got into the village.

It was pitch dark, and all the houses black but two; one was the public-house, casting a triangular gleam across the road a long way off, and the other was the blacksmith's house.

Here was a piece of fortune for the terrified women. They burst into their friend's house, shrieking.—

"Oh, Jane, the thieves are come!" and they told her in a few words all that happened.

"La!" said she, "how timorous you are. Ten to one he was only growling at some one that passed by."

"Nay, Jane, we heard the scraping outside the window. Oh, woman, call your man and let him go with us."

"My man—he is not here."

"Where is he, then?"

"I suppose he is where other working women's husbands are—at the public house," said she, bitterly, for she had had her experience.

The old women wanted to go to the public house for him, but the blacksmith's wife was a courageous woman, and beside, she thought it was most likely a false alarm.

"Nay, nay," said she; "last time I went for him there I got a fine affront. I'll come with you" said she. "I'll take the poker, and we have got our tongues to raise the town with."

So they marched to the toll-bar.

When they got near it they saw something that staggered this heroine.

There was actually a man half in and half out of the window.

This brought the blacksmith's wife to a standstill, and the timid pair implored her to go back to the village.

"Nay," said she. "What for? I see but one—and hark! It is my belief that the dog is holding of him."

However, she thought it safest to be on the same side with the dog, lest the man might turn on her.

So she made her way to the kitchen, followed by the other two, and there a sight met their eyes that changed all their feelings, both toward the robber and toward each other.

The great mastiff had pinned a man by the throat, and was pulling at him to draw him through the window, with fierce but muffled snarls.

The window was like a picture frame, and in that frame there glared the white face of the blacksmith, their courageous friend's villainous husband.

She uttered an appalling scream, and flew upon the dog and choked him with her two hands. He held and growled, and tore till he was all but throttled himself; then he let go and the man fell.

But what struck the ground outside like a lump of lead was in truth a lump of clay.

The man was quite dead and fearfully torn about the throat.

So did a comedy end in an appalling and piteous tragedy; not that the scoundrel himself deserved any pity, but his poor, brave, honest wife, to whom he had not dared confide the villainy he meditated.

OPTICAL ILLUSIONS.—Place a man and a dog side by side at a distance of twenty feet, and any person with an eye capable of distinguishing them will be able to tell which is on the right, which on the left. The eye is not easily deceived as to position at right angles to the line of vision. Let the man advance five feet; it is easy to tell that the dog is further away than the man. Next, place the man at a distance of 150 feet, the dog at 105 feet; it is not so easily decided as before, although mistakes are rare with a normal eye. But at 500 and 600 feet, respectively, it is less easy, although we can still tell which is to the right and which to the left.

The images formed on the retina by the same object at different distances are very similar, differing only in size and distinctness, requiring much practice. A person standing on a straight strip of railroad is rarely able to tell whether a distant train is approaching or receding, or at rest, so slight is the change in apparent size from which the distance is to be estimated. Upon the sea it is very difficult, without long experience, to judge of distances.

Refraction always changes the apparent place of an object, so that we seem to see the sun after it has gone below the horizon. A more striking but less frequent phenomenon of refraction is that known as mirage. Refraction also effects the color of an object. The media through which the light passes has more or less effect upon the ray.

In a fog objects are dimly seen, the effect resembling that due to distance: hence objects look larger, for the eye judges of the size of an object by multiplying the size of the image or impression received by the square of the distance, while the latter is estimated from the indistinctness of the object. In the fog the apparent distance is increased, but the eye interprets it as due to the opposite cause.

On looking at the photograph of a tree, a church, a monument or pyramid, it is not possible to form a correct idea of its size, unless a man or animal is seen in the same view with which to compare it.

In nature, especially on land, the intervening objects that lead up to it give the data on which to calculate the distance.

When none intervene, as in looking from peak to peak, the eye must depend on distinctness, and where the air is very clear and transparent, as in Colorado, distances seem less than they are.

If the object is seen through transparent, but colored, media, the form remains true, but the colors are changed.

The only occasion upon which railway trains in the United States are known to attain a speed of sixty miles an hour is when you sweep past a station with your overcoat only half on and see the train you want just starting out.

Important.

Philadelphians arriving in New York via Cortland Street Ferry by taking the 6th Avenue Elevated Train corner Church and Cortland Streets, can reach the Grand Union Hotel in 42d Street opposite Grand Central Depot in twenty minutes, and save $3 Carriage Hire. If enroute to Saratoga or other Summer resorts via Grand Central Depot, all Baggage will be transfered from Hotel to this Depot, FREE. 600 Elegantly furnished rooms $1, and upwards per day. Restaurant the best and cheapest in the City. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union, than at any other first class hotel in the city.

BABY.

BY S. S.

Oh, what a world of joy
Thy wond'ring eyes
Look out upon in glad surprise,
My boy!

See how the firelight flickers in its play
Upon the nurs'ry ceiling overhead!
What games the lights and shadows have!
All day
They dance before a tiny curtained bed.
Brown eyes are busy following the fun;
Is life all light and frolic, little one?

Poor little trav'ller, no! The road at best
Is full of stones, and dangerous, and dark.
We, standing where the dusty milestones mark
Our journey half completed, sigh for rest.
And yet what tender feet have left to-day
Soft prints upon the outset of the way!

Was it the deep
And angry roaring of the sea
That woke my baby suddenly
From sleep?

Hush, hush, my boy! The angry winds that roar
Without in nurs'ry chimneys sing to-night
A rocking chant; the waves that beat the shore,
Forgetful of their all-devouring might,
Splash gently when my baby shut his eyes,
And winds and waves sing naught but lullabies.

Poor little mariner! How frail a bark
Thou seek'st to venture on our troubled seas!
We weather-beaten sailors crave a breeze
To waft us home; the night is long and dark.
Oh for the strength and courage to withstand
The storms of Life, and bring thy craft to land!

Already fast asleep, with such a smile
Of childish peace
On rosy lips? Ah, let misgiving cease
A little while!

Shame on my clouds of doubt that overcast
His sky! The way is not too sad or long
For love to cheer; and Perfect Love is strong
To calm the sea, and still the raging blast,
To smooth a path for little feet that roam,
And guide the wand'rer safely to his home!

IN STRANGE PLACES.

THE interior of a skull, as well as the interior of a magpie's nest, were—however singular—at least better suited to the sedentary life of a bird when sitting upon her eggs, than the noisy workshop of a brass-founder's factory; yet in such an unlooked-for place did a female water-wagtail once build her nest, within a foot of the wheel of a lathe, in the midst of the din of hammerers and braziers. There, unmolested and unconcerned, she hatched four young ones.

The male, not reconciled to such a scene, instead of taking his part in feeding the nestlings, carried the food he collected to a spot on the roof, where he left it for the hen to use when wanted.

She became quite familiar with the men who were constantly employed in the shop, and flew in and out without fear; but if a stranger approached, she immediately flew off her nest, or, if absent, would not return till he had departed.

The redstart—one of the prettiest summer birds of passage—though in its general habits very shy, is frequently, in the choice of position for the building of its nest, the very reverse.

We remember one which built on the narrow space between the gudgeons or upright irons on which a garden door was hung; the bottom of the nest, of course, resting on the iron hinge, which must have shaken it every time the door was opened or closed.

Nevertheless, there she sat, in spite of all this inconvenience and publicity, exposed as she was to those constantly passing to and fro.

Among robin redbreasts, many instances of strange selection have come to our knowledge quite as singular as those above mentioned.

Thus, we know of one which attempted to build in the library of a gentleman's house—at least so it was suspected, from a few suspicious materials, such as dried leaves, etc., having been occasionally found amongst the shelves, without anybody having been able to ascertain whence they came.

Probably disappointed by perceiving that they were swept away as soon as deposited, the domestic bird determined to try another equally sheltered location; and accordingly selected the dining-room, which, as the family never entered it till luncheon time, she had all to herself from the moment the housemaid had done her duty in the morning, and retired, leaving the window open.

How long the bird had carried on her operations unnoticed we know not; but a servant, moving the drapery of one of the window-curtains, discovered in the folds the robin's nest.

In this instance the bird availed itself of a situation in which, during the greater portion of the day, she was in solitude and silence.

But solitude and silence do not seem to be essential to all robin adherents, for we lately heard of a pair which took possession of a pigeon-hole book-shelf, in a school which was constantly frequented by seventy children.

The hole selected was at the furthest extremity of the room, immediately above the heads of a junior class of little girls from five to six years of age, but who never disturbed the bird.

There she laid and hatched five eggs. One of the young ones died in a few days, and the body was carried off by the parent birds. The remaining four were regularly fed in the presence of the children, and in due time reared.

Soon after their departure the old bird repaired the nest and laid three more eggs, which she attended to with the same perseverance and success.

We have often alluded to the frequent return of birds to the nests, and perhaps the most singular feature of this anecdote is, that about twelve years ago a robin built in that identical pigeon-hole.

Why the visits were not renewed every year, it is impossible to conjecture; but that the pair of the present year were either the same old birds, or young ones of the brood then reared in it, is more than probable, from the circumstance of the pigeon-hole being selected; when others, forming the school library, within the same framework, would have suited the purpose just as well.

Another nest was constructed, and for two successive years, in a still more extraordinary location, which we give not on our own authority, but fully believing it to be true.

A few years ago a pair of robins took up their abode in the Parish church of Hampton, Warwickshire, England, and affixed their nest to the church Bible, as it lay on the reading-desk.

The vicar would not allow the birds to be disturbed, and therefore supplied himself with another Bible, from which he read the lessons of the service.

—BUCKLAND.

Grains of Gold.

Better do well late than never.

Every may-be has a may-be-not.

Our greatest ills are self-procured.

Do as little as you can to repent of.

Think much, speak little, write less.

A thin bush is better than no shelter.

A jest driven too far brings home hate.

He dances well to whom fortune pipes.

Gain got by a lie will burn one's finger.

He who has no shame has no conscience.

Draw not your bow till your arrow's fixed.

Be charitable and indulgent to every one but yourself.

Natural abilities are like natural plants—they need pruning.

Love is the beginning, the middle, and the end of everything.

Nature supplies the raw material; education is the manufacturer.

Being found true of heart, Heaven is the goal of the humblest life.

Flattery is the bad man's most effective means of corrupting others.

He who has tasted a sour apple will have the more relish for a sweet one.

Fortune often rewards with interest those that have patience to wait for her.

Sin and misery are not lovers, but they walk hand in hand just as if they were.

We need not be much concerned about those faults which we have the courage to own.

All the whetting in the world can never set a razor's edge on that which has no steel in it.

The "simplicity" which allows itself to be blindly led, does credit to neither the head nor the heart.

When truth offends no one, it ought to pass out of the mouth as naturally as the air we breathe.

Recollect every day the things seen, heard or read, which make any addition to your understanding.

Boast not of your health and strength too much; but, whilst you enjoy them, praise God and use them.

At thirty we are trying to cut our names in big letters upon the walls of this tenement of life; twenty years later we have carved it, or shut up our jackknife.

Femininities.

A good wife and health are a man's best wealth.

The society of women is the element of good manners.

The opposition to the "Mother Hubbard" gown is booming its popularity.

Note by a cynic: "There are two kinds of women—the bad and the worse."

A Womans' Rights Association has just been formed in Christiana, the capital of Norway.

Female students are to be allowed to compete for positions as surgeons in the Paris hospitals.

A little house well filled, a little land well tilled, and a little wife well willed, are, indeed, great riches.

A woman's head is always influenced by her heart, but a man's heart is always influenced by his head.

A young lady uptown has hair so long that it sweeps the floor, but the young lady is not at all like her hair.

Some of the new mourning bonnets are so small that only the smallest kind of grief can have any show on them.

Kansas City boasts of having a woman who can speak eight languages. It is needless to remark that she's a widow.

There are said to be more than a quarter of a million women in London who work with their needles for a bare subsistence.

Miss Ida Kurtz, deputy sheriff of Franklin county, this State, took her second prisoner to the penitentiary in this city recently.

When women love us, they forget everything—even our crimes; when they do not love us, they don't credit even our virtues.

The rule at Newport this summer is small and unceremonious dinner parties. In this way old friends are getting acquainted with each other.

A poor but pretty girl who has to go up Sansom street every day, calls the loafers along that thoroughfare "Poverty and Want," because they stare her in the face.

A ladies' eleven contested and won a game of cricket in Donegal, Ireland, lately, with a gentlemen's eleven, which is suspected of having gallantly given the game away.

Meissonier is beginning to show a dislike to painting the portraits of women. To a critic who asked him the reason, he replied: "They can paint themselves better than I can.

Of all the small inflictions by which sensible women are victimized in society, the habit of indiscriminate kissing that prevails among the weak and silly women is the most oppressive.

Small stuffed birds of brilliant plumage are now worn on the left shoulder. One lady, who forgot her canary and let it starve to death, had it mounted, and wore it with a black costume.

Life is full of compensations. It is said that the best-dressed woman in this city has a wooden leg, and is the envy of numerous other women who would willingly exchange a leg for her frocks.

We would not strike a woman under any circumstances, but we must acknowledge that when we see a girl wearing one of those horrible "Mother Hubbards" we feel inclined to give her a belt.

It is said that the song, "I'm weary tonight love without thee," was composed by a man whose wife had left him to take care of the children while she went to the theatre with one of the neighbors.

"What's that thing?" asked a man who was inspecting a violin store. "That? Oh, that's used on violins. We call it a chin-rest." "Gimme one," exclaimed the visitor, "it's just what my wife needs."

It may be said, greatly to the credit of women, that, although thousands of the sex hold positions of financial trust, we rarely hear of one of them being guilty of forgery, embezzlement, or defalcation.

A woman in Fultonville, N. Y., is said recently to have forgotten her child while she was busy rescuing a crazy quilt from a burning building. Probably she had only one crazy quilt, and a house full of children.

Lucca, the songstress, believes that most persons who rave about Wagner's music, affect an admiration they do not feel. "They can expatiate about it," she says, "as much as they please; it's beyond most of us."

New York girls are said to spend their pocket money in buying jeweled garter-buckles at $200 and upward; smelling bottles at $350, gold-headed silk umbrellas for $125, hairpins at $50, and jeweled opera glasses at $500.

"Ain't you ashamed to set such an example to your children?" said a scolding wife to her partially intoxicated lord. "No, I ain't," was the defiant answer. "The children have no excuse for imitating me—they ain't married."

Maud—"Isn't this a queer title for a book, mother—'Not like other Girls?' I wonder what she can be if she is not like other girls?" Mother—"I don't know, unless she goes into the kitchen and helps her mother, instead of staying in the parlor to read novels."

Spurgeon, the London preacher, tells a good story of an old lady who started up when her grandson was about to take her umbrella, exclaiming: "No, now, you don't. I've had that umbrella twenty-three years, and it's never been wet yet, and you ain't going to begin."

It may be interesting to ladies who are loath to give up the pretty colored hosiery so long worn, to learn that the dyes may be robbed of their poisonous properties by dipping the articles in a bath of rubber dissolved in naphtha or some other reagent. Subsequent evaporation covers each fibre with a thin film of rubber, and so prevents the transfer of the coloring material from the goods to the skin.

News Notes.

Chicago is credited with having the largest swinging bridge in the world.

On an average each person in England sends through the mails 38 letters a year.

Lightning, during a recent storm near Santa Barbara, Cal., split 15 telegraph poles.

The monkey-wrench was named for its inventor, John Moncky, an English mechanic.

Newark, N. J., has begun a strict enforcement of her law against "corner lounging."

Mr. Morris Sargent, of New Bedford, Mass., ninety three years old, rides a bicycle every day.

Insanity, arising directly from intemperance, is said to be rapidly increasing in New York city.

A negro whose age was stated at 118 years voted at the recent election in Abbeville, Alabama.

A single cattle rancher, Colonel Kohrs, the "Montana cattle king," owns over 25,000 head of beeves.

Governor Adams, of Nevada, is said to be a "natural faster," sometimes going a week without food.

On an average, 24 postage stamps to each person were sold in the United States during the last fiscal year.

Patti wore $300,000 worth of diamonds in "Traviata" when she appeared in London a short time since.

Two creeks named Frozed to Death and Starved to Death, are on a new map of Custer county, Montana.

The people of the United States are said to be greater chewers of tobacco than any other nation in the world.

A Tennessee editor declares that he will answer no more questions in his paper to decide a bet, unless paid a commission.

A celebrated English veterinary surgeon was recently summoned 500 miles to attend the favorite pug of a lady in Scotland.

The building of a house higher than the width of the street on which it is to stand, will be prohibited in Berlin after January 1st, 1893.

The population of the United States increases at the rate of 25 per cent. every ten years. At this rate there will be 80,000,000 inhabitants in 1900.

When first caught sponges are slimy, ill-smelling things, looking like pieces of raw liver. The sponge of commerce is the dwelling of the sponge fish.

It is said to be not at all an uncommon occurrence during the bathing season for sets of teeth to be washed ashore at Ashbury Park, N. J.

Don't box your child's ears. Numerous instances are recorded where serious results—often permanent injury—have followed such punishment.

A new use has been found for tobacco waste by the paper manufacturers. The stock costs less than rags, and makes a paper said to be equal to manilla.

American milk and cream have been successfully shipped from New York to London by steamers, arriving in a perfectly fresh and palatable condition.

A Long Branch correspondent states that freckles have become so fashionable that the manicures have found it expedient to add freckle-painting to their list of arts.

Pulmonary consumption is the cause of one death in twelve in New York State, and the State Board of Health have laid the cause to the bad ventilation of school rooms.

The Wilhelm Theatre, in Berlin is built on part of a garden. At the end of each act the audience go out into the garden until a bell rings to give notice of the next.

The Mexican Government has established several industrial schools, at which youths of both sexes are to be taught, free of charge, the different trades, employments, etc.

A perfectly smooth twenty-dollar gold piece, upon which the stamps were barely perceptible, was found in the wind-pipe of a cow killed at Dayton, Oregon, recently.

John B. Gough says, although he has addressed thousands of audiences, and has grown gray in the field of oratory, yet his knees still tremble when he has to face a large audience.

It was a Massachusetts jury that rendered the verdict: "Died by the hereditary visitation of God." The man had broken his neck when drunk, and a similar mishap had befallen his grand-father.

An English journal has a curious story from Madras, to the effect that white gentlemen who sail around there, have their legs colored brown to deceive the sharks, which will not bite colored persons.

A ship that will scud on the surface of, instead of ploughing through, the ocean, has been devised by a Leeds, England, inventor, who enthusiastically claims that it will cross the Atlantic in three days.

A Catskill man, it is reported, has a curiosity in the shape of a lemon and orange combined. On one side is a perfect lemon skin, and the juice sour, while the other is an orange and decidedly sweet.

A Connecticut inventor has perfected a machine for making barrels out of paper or straw pulp, and which, it is claimed, will turn out 600 flour barrels a day, at a reduction of 50 per cent. on the present cost.

The latest faith cure reported is that of a woman living in Parkersburg, W. Va., who had been confined to her bed nearly two years with an ailment which only a few days before caused her to be pronounced hopelessly insane.

Nelly's Companion.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

MRS. ELINOR GRAY was a young widow of about twenty-five summers.

She did not look as if she had ever seen a winter; and although she had lost a husband whom she declared she had loved devotedly, her fair, fresh face seemed to tell you in unmistakable language that her whole life must have been made up of gentle springs and fairest summer weather.

She was a pretty creature, Mrs Elinor; and being so pretty, and her name converted into a diminutive by her most intimate friends, an admirer bestowed on her the title of a popular song, which seemed so appropriate that she was long known as "Lovely Nelly Gray."

Lovely Nelly went to town for certain months in the winter season; but during summer she spent all the time in her seaside residence.

In the summer season many fashionable butterflies trooped thither to spread their wings in its fresh, sweet air, and Nelly had plenty of followers to pour the incense of flattery into her willing ears.

One summer, among the butterflies, came a creature that proved on acquaintance to be something more substantial, although at first he seemed to be only a butterfly more gorgeous than the rest.

It was a young man with brains inside his good-looking head; and, equally remarkable, heart within his handsome body, instead of the queer-shaped machine of muscles and blood-vessels which generally does duty for that important organ.

Of course Clare Allenton soon heard the fame of Lovely Nelly, and was not left long to judge of her charms by hearsay.

A friend and admirer brought him to the siren's feet, and was much surprised to observe that he did not fall prostrate there like others of his kind.

"Well, what do you think of Lovely Nelly?" asked Frank Dashwood, as the two young men sauntered homeward.

"Pretty, very pretty, indeed. Who was the other lady?"

"Miss Ellis, the sort of person you would call a dependent, I suppose—a poor relation of the late Mr. Gray, and domiciled with Mrs. Gray, purely because of the gentle creature's good heart, I know; because Miss Ellis is neither useful nor ornamental that ever I could see."

"I like her looks—a good figure and a fine expressive face."

"She has good eyes, I admit."

"Magnificent I call them, deep, dark, soft and luscious—you rarely see such eyes."

"Well, she has fine eyes—but her forehead is too broad."

"It is the brow of a clever, sensible woman. Decidedly I prefer Miss Ellis to your Lovely Nelly Gray."

"Well, Clare, I'm not going to argue with you—I know of old that it is useless."

Dashwood lit a cigar and smoked it in silence; while Allenton paced slowly beside him, with a smile of amusement on his hard stone face.

There is something irresistible to the female mind in the unattainable.

Mrs. Gray had a score of admirers, one half of whom a smile or a look could have turned into lovers.

She was wholly indifferent to them, and wrapt in the desire to enslave Clare Allenton, who showed no disposition to become either admirer or lover.

She had plenty of experience, and she took pains to make herself very agreeable to the first man who had really taken hold of her heart; and when a very pretty woman is really desirous of pleasing, there are few men who will not be pleased, more or less.

Clare was pleased, but whether more or less, Nelly could not certainly determine.

He listened when she talked, listened with his eyes more than with his ears, for he was often looking with a soft admiration into her pretty face, and his answers were at times far away from things she talked of; but then the abstraction of a listener, whose deep, dark, eyes were fastened on the speaker's face, might be construed into a delicate compliment, and when it happened, Nelly generally blushed a bright rose color and looked much prettier than usual.

It had happened once or twice, perhaps three times, when such random replies had been given that Nelly, looking up with a shy glance, had not found Clare's gaze fixed on her fair face, but on the pale countenance of her poor cousin seated at a distant window, patiently stitching on some garment always finding its way into Mrs. Gray's wardrobe when those deft fingers had finished it.

Nelly Gray had felt a sudden, sharp contraction of the heart at seeing the direction of these looks; and on each occasion, when Miss Ellis had afterwards retired to her lonely room, bitter tears rolled over her hot cheeks, and her last waking thoughts were—

"Oh, why am I so poor—so poor? Why?"

Mrs. Gray often had a fancy for giving little tea-parties in the open air, which she could do in charming style in her pretty garden.

So she invited Clare Allenton, Frank Dashwood, and one or two more to make up such a party.

On the evening in question she received them in a lovely toilette of white muslin, picked out with blue, and bade them welcome to a snowy table covered with strawberries, biscuits, tea of rose-souchong, yellow cream, and a dozen other rare delicacies.

Nobody knew that Miss Ellis had picked the strawberries, skimmed the cream, and made the tea; but everyone knew that Lovely Nelly Gray had pulled the roses that graced the centre of the table, and naturally she got the credit of everything else.

The tea as a tea was a great success.

But to Clare, the conclusion of it was marred by one little incident; Mrs. Gray caught her sleeve in the urn containing boiling water, but, with an effort, saved herself from any ill effect therefrom by deftly turning the urn in the other direction in such a way that its entire contents must have been poured upon Clare but for Miss Ellis, who instantly interposed her arm, receiving the boiling deluge upon herself.

There was considerable confusion, every one but Clare gathering about Nelly with exclamations of alarm, and hoping she was not burned.

But she replied to their questions with an impatience that must have sounded querulous from less red and lovely lips—

"Don't you see I am not the heroine at all, good people? It is that foolish Sara, who is always making a victim of herself. Sara, how could you be such a goose? There wasn't the least danger of Mr. Allenton being burned—are you much hurt?"

Others now turned to Miss Ellis with the same question, and offers of assistance.

But Clare had already cut the thin muslin sleeve from her arm, which he wrapped in flour and bound up in his own large linen handkerchief.

And although Miss Ellis was very pale, and her eyes glistening with tears of pain, she declared that she was not much hurt, only begged to be excused, and allowed to retire to her own room.

Clare left at an early hour.

And when the last of her guests said 'good-night,' and she found herself alone, Mrs. Gray felt that her tea-party had been a terrible failure.

It was very early on the next morning when Clare Allenton bent his steps in the direction of Mrs. Gray's home.

He had dreamed of Sara Ellis all night, and his mind was quite made up.

He entered by the garden gate, and went round the path leading to the spot where he had drunk tea the night before.

And there he stood for a moment looking down on the grass.

His face flushed up, and a dewy moisture dimmed his eyes.

"The darling," he murmured, "she was afraid that I would be scalded, and to shield me she interposed her own sweet arm."

Then he walked up towards the house, and in reaching the front door he was obliged to pass by an open window, whence issued the following words that he could not help overhearing, and I'm afraid he didn't try, either—

"Oh, you can nurse your arm all the rest of the day, and you know I must have that blue muslin for the pic-nic to-day, and Bridget cannot iron it to be seen."

"But I can't iron with my left hand, Elinor; and it is my right arm that is hurt."

"But you can use it if you try. You know you can; and you must——"

The last words were accompanied by an angry stamp of a pretty foot.

Clare heard a suppressed sob; then—

"I will not do it, Elinor," said Sara, in a low firm voice.

"Oh, you won't, you ungrateful girl—perhaps you are settling your cap for Clare Allenton——"

Clare Allenton pushed open the door, and stood in the doorway.

"No occasion for that, Mrs. Gray," he interrupted, in his politest tones. "If Miss Ellis will honor me so far as to become my wife, the devotion of my whole life will prove my gratitude."

Miss Ellis did not answer.

She couldn't.

But when Clare took her hand, and kissed the burned arm, she made no objection, nor even winced, though his tender touch hurt her.

Mrs. Gray, white as her own snowy wrapper, sank into a chair, and glared at them.

The blue muslin dress was not ironed, and Lovely Nelly Gray was not seen at the pic-nic, which, indeed, languished for the want of her.

She spent the day, locked in her own room, recovering from a fit of rage and hysterics, and half dissolved in floods of tears.

IN THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE.—Women have some pretty substantial rights in China. This appears by the recent decision of a court in Foochow. A man being convinced that his wife was unfaithful to him prepared to kill her—a remedy which the law sanctions. His unworthy spouse, however, was too quick for him. This also was recognized by the court as one of the rights which condemned wives, when they can exercise them; and, on the conclusion of the trial the woman was dismissed with a reprimand for not having immediately informed the authorities of her husband's death, and thus made arrangements for his burial.

AN English psychological society is racking its brains over the conundrum. "Are angels ever sleepy?" Not very often, but when you hear a biotjack rolling down the front stairs you can make up your mind that the angel's father is sleepy, which practically amounts to the same thing.

ALWAYS THE SAME.

His thoughts with deep silence are blending,
While sitting alone he thus dreams:
"Too much here of late I've been spending
On sodas, on candies, on creams.
The Fall's near, and so I'm light-hearted,
That rest to my purse I may bring,
Since she knows that the season's departed
For pic-nics and so forth, till spring."

She muses: "The Summer is over,
With its pleasures on water and land."
But she means to continue in clover
While his cash is yet hers to command.
Tho' pic-nics and cream have their season,
What need then to grumble or grin?
She's comforted still, for this reason:
The opera and oyster come in.

—WM. MACKINTOSH.

Humorous.

A waist of time—An old maid's.

It's very still when you can hear a gumdrop.

If you want to make your horse fast, don't feed him.

A summer resort—Borrowing one's neighbor's lawn-mower.

The rising of the tied—Turning out to build the fire and cook the breakfast.

It is a singular contradiction that when the mosquito visits you he stays to hum.

It seems funny to say that a person is homesick when in reality he is away sick.

Deaf mutes converse by means of signs, because actions speak louder than words.

Which of the animals took the most into the ark? The elephant, for he carried his trunk.

A man's domestic relations don't bother him half as much as the relations of his domestic.

Who first introduced walking-sticks? Eve, when she presented Adam with a little C

If you suddenly saw a house on fire, what three celebrated authors would you feel inclined to name? Dickens, Howitt, Burns.

Upon seeing a fire-engine, an exquisite remarked: "Who would evah have dweamed that such a wewy diminutive-looking apparatus would hold so much wattah!"

At stations on the Southern Pacific Railroad the following signs are seen in front of tents and shanties: One Meal, 25 cents; Square Meal, 50 cents; Gorge, 75 cents.

A New York man who was married in the morning, was a maniac before night. Don't get married in the morning. It gives the bride's mother a whole day to talk to you.

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Facetiæ.

With what two animals do you always go to bed? Two calves.

What does a cat possess which no other animal has? Kittens.

What word becomes shorter when adding a syllable? Short.

There is nothing like a short-hand reporter to take a man down.

"Can a man marry his widow's sister?" is one of the traps laid for unreflecting persons.

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Why is a naughty boy like a penny postage-stamp? Because you lick and place it in the corner.

"But," said the serenaded man, "I must go out and make a speech. Something must be done to stop the playing of that band."

A young gentleman wishes to know which is proper to say good-night or good-evening? Never so far forget yourself as to tell a lie, young man; say good-morning.

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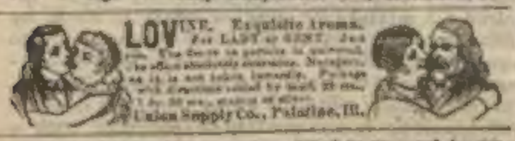

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medicine is the first necessity for cure. Then the cathartic effect must be maintained, in a mild degree, just sufficient to prevent a recurrence of costiveness, and at the same time the liver, kidneys and stomach must be stimulated and strengthened.

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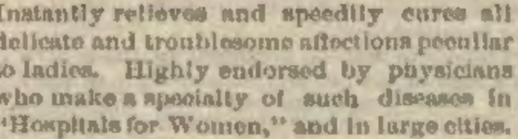

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

A NOVELTY in millinery just now abroad are bonnets of black lace with a mantilla drapery of the same material which falls from the head to the waist and is artistically disposed about the shoulders.

Hats of black lace, high-crowned, have at times this appendage, with a high jet comb holding the mantilla on the left side.

The effect is very Spanish, as it is meant to be, and graceful in the extreme, when worn in precisely the right way.

But it may be stated at once that few and far between are the women, not to the manor born, who can drape themselves in anything like a mantilla and look even passably well.

The style requires a very special type, needs to be carried with picturesque grace and the audacity which is natural to the people with whom this draping of the head and shoulders is a national custom, but which is not always characteristic of women of other blood. Gracelessly, awkardly worn, these mantilla draperies for hats would have certainly nothing to recommend them.

It may be suggested, however, that something of this kind would be very particularly nice for elderly ladies.

We think it a mistake that women who have reached a certain age should not adopt, more than they do with us, characteristic styles of their own.

The ornamental caps which Englishwomen past their prime affect are sometimes sufficiently grotesque to have furnished amusing material to the caricaturists pencil. But much is to be said in their favor, nevertheless.

When properly understood, they give women "in years" that dowager-like dignity, which is the very special prerogative of her age, and which, mingled with a mellow, benevolent sweetness of manner, born of long experience of the world, constitutes the great charm and attractiveness of a few delightful elderly women whom we all remember to have met. But American women have no fondness for caps.

They wear them when they have arrived at the decided, unmistakable great grandmother stage, and then they are too often made to look like night caps more than anything else.

We think they could be worn by many women a little before this, the more so that a pretty cap helps to disguise that loss of luxuriance in the hair which comes with age.

In our estimation, this is far nicer in every way than a wig, a stiff false front, or piles of other false hair. Yes, we altogether cast our votes in favor of the Englishwoman's cap, and wish a like fashion might be introduced here.

And in the matter of the dress, too, many quite old women follow, more or less, the prevailing styles, only altered and toned down to a more sober basis.

This is very well, but there is something still better, namely, the adoption of certain given styles and the keeping to them, regardless of the fluctuations in dressmakers' establishments and in fashion books.

Great simplicity in the "facon," the way of making, no superfluous trimmings of any sort, scrupulous, immaculate neatness, very handsome materials and no colors (but iron gray and purple, perhaps, to alternate in the evening with black or white), this is what strikes one as the perfection of taste in dress for an elderly woman.

We have in our mind's eye the picture of a tall, stately old lady once met, with white puffs of hair under a snowy cap, and an equally snowy fichu and spotless cuffs, all of crepe lisse, against a perfectly plain surplice waist, and a trained skirt of the finest black wool goods in the morning and the heaviest black silk in the evening.

And this costume, never varied winter or summer, possessed a distinction, a stamp of its own, which seemed to embody, in the opinion of many, the very perfection of attire for a woman of that age.

There is as much art, in one way, involved in the appropriate and becoming dressing of an elderly or an old lady as is necessary for the triumphant evolving of the infinite variety of youthful costumes which serve to adorn the beauty of a young woman.

A French way of making up the popular costumes of gray mohair is with slight dashes of red surah, to brighten the effect.

A model of this combination is given which has a flounce of red surah, in accordion plaits, and a little over a quarter of a yard in depth, sewed to the bottom of a foundation skirt, above this is a deep plaiting of mohair (organ plaits), the edges of which are slit up to the top of the surah flounce, this falling over the same like loose tabs, with the red showing between; the extreme tip of the surah plaiting shows beyond the gray like a balayeuse all around; the top part of the costume is a polonaise, hooked, with invisible hooks, in front; it is draped into a short round apron, held upon the left side by a large rosette of red, and then forms a "pouf" behind.

A cape of mohair, reaching to the elbows, lined with red surah, and having a hood, similarly lined, and a knot of red ribbon to close the little garment on the chest, is added for the street.

An appropriate hat to match is of heavy gray straw, high-crowned, with a moderately broad brim turned up on the left side, and faced with "coquelicot" red velvet, a great butterfly plume sweeping over the crown.

The following mountain suit has recently been completed for a young lady who will pass the next two months in the White Mountains.

It is of a deep blue flannel, a full, plain, round skirt, with nine rows of the narrowest red braid running around it six inches up from the hem; those rows of braid are set so close together that the trimming has somewhat the effect of one broad galloon; the overdress describes a short apron in front, and the "pouf" is also quite short and very simply and securely draped, in order that the loopings may not easily pull apart.

The short bodice forms a pretty postilion, with two little plaits behind, and is hooked up the front, with four rows of the narrow red braid running up either side, and two rows of fancy red buttons, very small and set very close together, against the same.

The whole of this arrangement of trimming gives the appearance of a small vest; the high collar is covered with rows of braid and the turned-up cuffs likewise.

The hat of this suit is a broad-brimmed sailor-shape of dark blue felt, trimmed simply with a red ottoman ribbon, hanging in ends behind.

The shoes are to be with blue canvas tops and stout light leather foxings, broad soles and flat heels.

An alpenstock will, of course, be carried, to the top of which the great bright bow of red or blue ribbon, with which young ladies now see fit to adorn these articles, will doubtless be tied—a little touch of coquetry this which might probably cause the Alpine climber to smile, but which is certainly excusable in young women by whom an alpenstock seems frequently to be looked upon more as ornamental than as an object of stern utility.

The best dressed women are beginning to show a partiality for all sorts of close-fitting cloth jackets of a somewhat military cut.

It is probable that they will, this Autumn, affect this order of outside garment considerably as a relief from the little visites, toward the last dubbed "Haymarkets," of which we had such an avalanche last winter and again this summer—for everywhere they have been, and are, used as wraps in the evening for the drive and what not, and as much over the thinnest and lightest toilets as over anything else. Of course, they are very pretty, the prettiest wraps, indeed, we have had for a long time. But, alas, they have grown common, and so something new must be forthcoming.

Cloth jackets of hunter's blue or slate gray, with darker velvet cuffs and collar, the garment fitting the figure like a glove, have been much worn abroad this summer, for travelling, a cool morning, etc.

With skirts of checked or plaid or brocaded goods they will again be useful and fashionable for autumn wear.

A few women at the "swell" French watering places have also adopted the "Austrian jacket," which is of white cloth, with scarlet military collar and cuffs, and gilt buttons.

Then the "Hungarian jacket" is another caprice of the season at the watering places and at large country houses.

It is of garnet cloth, very tight, short, high in the neck and embroidered with arabesques of gold braid or gold galloon.

Fireside Chat.

NOVELTIES FOR BAZARS.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

HANDKERCHIEF sachets, hand-screens, chair-backs, mantel-valances, wall-pockets, and brackets may all be decorated in this way, and the paintings look very well if applied to one division of a parasol, or even as dress trimmings.

One of the fashions of the day is to have everything scented, so scent sachets of various sorts and sizes are sure to sell readily.

They are very easily made, and as they require very little material, many scraps of silk and satin left from larger pieces of work may be turned to account.

First cut two pieces of thin wadding the size the sachet is to be, and sprinkle powdered orris root, or any other perfume, sandwich fashion, between the two pieces of wadding, and enclose them in a case of silk or satin. A tiny chenille tuft may be stitched on at each corner as a finish, or there may be a small bright-colored bow there instead, or a knot of colored or gold cord.

Handkerchief sachets are made of a piece of satin wadded and quilted, and turned up at each end to form two shallow pockets. The edges should all be bound with cord, and a painting on the outside, or a silk transfer, greatly adds to the value.

Glove sachets are made on the same principle, but of course the shape is different.

Very tiny cases of perfumed powder are now made for sewing into the lining of jackets and dresses, and these would be sure to "take" at a fashionable bazar, as they may be made very small, and sold for very little.

Odds and ends of plush may be utilized in making tempting little reticules and bags for holding work, and many ladies now use rather large bags of this sort to carry their purses and small parcels when on shopping expeditions.

Of course, the more ornamental they are, the better they are appreciated. Long purses made of plush are very strong for daily use.

Cut a piece of plush about nine inches long and five inches wide, sew it up at each end, leaving about three inches open in the middle, and finish off at the ends with a gilt tassel or ball; a silver one at one end and a gilt one at the other will serve to keep gold and silver money apart.

A couple of rings must also be added. Sometimes these purses are made like a jug in shape.

Before the handle is joined to the bowl of the jug, a broad gilt ring must be slipped over it, so that it will go round the neck of the jug to keep the money in.

Now that embroidery is so universal, cases for holding skeins of wool and silks will be very popular.

Brown holland is the best material to use for these cases, or the outside may be thin silk, and the inside lining holland.

Cut a piece of silk measuring eighteen inches by twenty-seven, and a piece of holland four inches shorter.

Lay the holland on the silk, so that there are two inches of silk left on each side of it, and make eighteen perpendicular stitchings an inch and a half apart. Add a couple of ribbon strings to tie round the case after it is tied up.

Cases to hold knitting needles may be made, on the same plan, of wash-leather, but the inside need only consist of a strap of leather a few inches wide, divided by stitching into narrow spaces for the needle.

The outside cover of the case must be large enough to fold over at the sides like a flap, to prevent the needles from falling out. Many lady artists use cases of the same kind, made of linen, to hold their paint-brushes, etc.

There is always considerable difficulty in disposing of the vast quantity of cards which most people receive every Christmas.

Many very pretty articles for bazaars may be made of them, if the owners do not care to keep them all themselves.

A large piece of white cardboard cut out in the form of a shield, one side covered with Christmas cards, forms a pretty and novel ornament for the fire-stove during the summer.

The cards may be arranged in the centre in a formal star, or any such design, or they may be disposed carelessly over the whole shield, each overlapping the one next it, and so on.

Strong gum is the best material for sticking them on with, and two wire hooks for fixing the shield to the bars of the gate must not be forgotten.

After the cards are stuck on, the shield must be carefully bent and coaxed into a convex form, so that it fits the outline of the stove well.

Another use for Christmas cards is to make a splash-screen for the back of a washstand with them.

They can be attached to cardboard, holland, or American leather, according to taste, and are much more durable if washed over with a thin coat of varnish.

The tops of gipsy tables are now often covered with cards.

The table is first covered with black or gold paper to serve as a background, and the cards are afterwards varnished.

Patchwork now can scarcely be called by this humble name, so artistic and elaborate are the specimens at present manufactured.

All the pieces are joined much together in the old way, and afterwards covered with embroidery of all possible patterns and designs.

Very often a family crest is reproduced in patchwork on cushions or screens. Portieres of patchwork are very elegant and often give a pleasing effect of color in an otherwise dingy corridor.

The old box and star patterns belong entirely to periods long past, but the newer style has the disadvantage of taking much longer to work, and for this reason, perhaps, is scarcely adapted for sending to bazaars, people generally preferring to make things that require less time and trouble.

The newest chair-backs are those made of Turkey twill, with a design of flowers in one corner, which straggles from thence all over the red background.

Sometimes they are powdered all over with tiny sprays of leaves or flowers.

Correspondence.

KATE.—Shaking hands when introduced is not consistent with etiquette. It is better taste to omit this ceremony.

H. MAXWELL.—It is quite correct to write "Madam" or "Dear Madam" when addressing an unmarried lady on matters of business.

P. B.—"Ancient of Days" (Daniel vii.) is one of the titles of the Deity, the First Person of the Trinity. The prophecies of Daniel should be read with the Book of Revelation.

FAIR GIPSY.—One of the best things to prevent hair from coming out is to mix equal parts of sweet-oil and vinegar and rub it into the roots. You had better not attempt to alter the color.

A. C. N.—In order to obtain a position such as you aspire to, it will be best to get an introduction from some local firm in the same business, to one of the wholesale houses. Influence of this kind is almost always necessary.

DIABETES.—Diabetes is a very formidable disease, requiring prompt and continuous treatment. The regimen adopted by some practitioners is more rigorous than that which others hold sufficient. Consult a physician who has given special attention to the matter. The malady is in many instances of nerve origin, and may be best treated from that point of view.

MARION.—Bear and forbear. You cannot change the man's nature; and you will only increase your trouble by acting against his wishes. Classes of the kind described are, in our opinion, very equivocal; and, as a rule, connections formed in the way in which you are seeking friends are undesirable. Much that is mischievous is done under the cloak of religion. Give it up, and afterwards ask Him to find some way of making home happy.

JENNY E.—Do very little work at a time, not more than will require application for longer than five or ten minutes at one stretch. The difficulty you feel is that of fixing the attention. This is a power you must regain by degrees. Work steadily each day, but only for a few minutes at one time. It is important to avoid the sense of mental fatigue. This is a sign of brain-weakness, and needs to be relieved by gentler exercise—not laziness—and better food.

W. HODGSON.—It is alleged that the span of the human life has been lengthened within the last thirty or forty years by sanitary improvements. The addition seems to be chiefly given to the lives of the very young and the old—that is to say, the death-rate is lower among these classes. More children grow up to be men and women, and more old persons live to be very aged. It does not however appear that the number of persons between the ages of twenty-five and sixty living is greatly increased.

READER.—Sewer gas is a very insidious poison and generally one has to rely upon the sense of smell, but this, as a general thing, is not acute enough to make a certain test. The only mechanical test is made by saturating unglazed paper with a solution of an ounce of pure lead acetate in a half pint of rain water. When it is partly dry expose it where sewer gas is expected, and, if there is gas in any considerable quantity, the fact is made known by the dark hue that comes over the paper. A tiny bit of pure air coming steadily into an apartment renders sewer gas comparatively harmless.

E. G.—Complete immersion in water will kill a man in one minute; but a minute is a long time, and most drowning persons rise to the surface and breathe once at least in less than a minute, so that some may be in the water a long time and yet recover. We hear of cases in which persons are said to have been in the water half or even three-quarters of an hour, and yet recover under proper treatment. It is, of course, impossible that they can have remained long without breathing; but, when the body is thoroughly chilled and the vital processes are lowered the fullest extent of which they are capable, a very little oxygen will suffice to sustain life.

LANCASTER.—It is a rule that the act of taking office under the Crown vacates a seat in the English Parliament. As members cannot resign their trust voluntarily, they resort to the expedient of asking the Government to give them some office to disqualify them and vacate their seats. The stewardship of the Hundreds of Chiltern—a petty office under the Crown—is employed for this purpose. When a member asks for the Chiltern Hundreds, he is appointed steward of that office. This vacates his seat. Then he resigns the appointment, and it is free to be used again for the same purpose. The proceeding is purely formal.

FREDERICK.—The use of Bells may be traced back to very ancient times, and they appear to have been employed at remote periods amongst the Egyptians, Jews, Greeks, Romans, and early Christians. What is called bell metal is composed of three parts of copper and one of tin, but bells are made of these and other metals in varying proportions, and some of cast steel entirely. The tone of a bell depends upon its shape, as well as upon its material; it is softened by the presence of copper, and is loud and harsh in proportion to the excess of tin. A little zinc is sometimes added to the ordinary bell-metal to give it tone, charms, and brilliancy. The practice of ringing peals of bells is said to have had its origin in England during the Anglo-Saxon period. Six, eight, ten, or twelve bells form the peal, or sets of bells used for ringing changes, and these are toned and harmonized.

MRS. J.—Brasses should not be cleaned with bath-brick. The following is the best method that can be adopted:—Rub the brass lightly with a flannel which has been dipped in sweet oil; then rub it briskly with another piece of flannel which has been dipped in finely-powdered rotten-stone. Wipe the brass clean with a soft linen cloth, and polish it with a leather. Brasses thus cleaned will have a lasting polish of the true brassy hue. Pastes for cleaning brasses are sold by most chemists and may be made. They are composed of rotten stone worked into a paste with either soft soap or sweet oil. They should be applied with a little woolen rag, and polished with wash-leather. If the paste is mixed with oil, it is best to moisten the rag with spirits of turpentine; if soft soap is used, water only will be required. A mixture for cleaning brass is made by putting a pennyworth of powdered rotten-stone into a quart bottle, filling it up with cold soft water, shaking it well, and then adding a pennyworth of vitriol. This preparation will keep a long time, and improve with keeping. It also needs to be rubbed on with a rag, dried with a soft cloth, and polished with an old leather.